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NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THE year 1865 has been, above all, a year of pacification. The conquerors who "make a solitude and call it peace," and the peace-makers properly so called, have been very busy both in the Old World and in the New. The Emperor of Russia has continued to tranquillise Poland; the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have come to terms over the spoils of Denmark; the President of the United States has endeavoured by his manly and conciliatory tone to gain the confidence of the recently subdued South; the Pope has received, and has consented to an "interchange of ideas" with, two Envoys from the Kingdom of Italy; and a serious attempt is now being made to bring about a reconciliation and formal compact between Austria and Hungary. All kinds of injustice have been committed in this as in other years; but there has been no actual fighting either in Europe or in America; and, on the whole, in spite of the blood that has been shed in Algeria, New Zealand, and Jamaica, the year 1865 is one with which the Peace Society ought to be tolerably well satisfied.

The past year, in future ages, will no doubt be remembered as the one that saw the termination of the American war. There was a very general belief that on the cessation of hostilities, North and South would cement their reunion by an attack either upon the English in Canada or upon the French in Mexico, or upon both. All the Americans have done, however, to injure the French has been to accredit an Ambassador to a non-existent Mexican Government, or at least to one that is not the *de facto* Government in Mexico; while England has only been attacked by them in print, though she has also been menaced in a somewhat vague manner by an Irish national government, or "Fenian organisation," established at New York, and which hitherto has done less harm to the English than to the Irish who support it with their contributions. The most important internal event that has

happened for England in 1865 has been the death of Lord Palmerston, which will no doubt lead to an entire break up of the old political parties; but the chief event in the history of the world has been the subjection of the Confederates by the Federals and the re-formation of the United States of America.

The year 1866 is too young to have given birth to any political event; but the first day of the year is an important one at the Tuilleries, for it is always felt to be possible that the Emperor at his grand political reception may give some

hint of his plans for the ensuing twelvemonth. The New-Year's Day of 1859 belongs to history. Napoleon III., having struck a bargain with the King of Piedmont—a bargain which was clinched, and was intended, perhaps, to be symbolised by the union of an Italian Princess to a French Prince—proceeded deliberately to insult the Austrian Ambassador, by way of beginning a quarrel which was meant beforehand to end with a war. This was very like the conduct of a professed

the conduct of his master," politicians have watched eagerly to see what the 1st of January at the Tuilleries would bring forth. For the last six years it has brought forth nothing. It was thought in 1863 that Napoleon would say something about the affairs of Poland; in 1864 that he would take in hand the Danish question; and ever since the beginning of civil war in America—now five years ago—he had been expected year by year to utter grave words on the subject of

Southern independence and the necessity of recognising the Confederate Government. In reality the oracle has said nothing since 1859; but political gossips continue to listen to his meaningless speeches, and this year we are informed that, instead of treading on the Austrian Ambassador's corns, as in 1859, his Majesty has treated the Kaiser's representative with great civility. The little comedy-scene in which his Excellency presented the Order of St. Stephen to the Prince Imperial, while the Emperor declared that the little boy would "always remember this high mark of solicitude on the part of a Sovereign for whom his father professed a sincere friendship" (as in 1859, for instance), may mean a great deal or very little. Those who attach great significance to it, and wish to build upon it a vast political scheme, will, no doubt, remember that the Order of St. Stephen is a Hungarian order. Thus the Emperor of Austria would seem to be going in for Hungary and a French alliance against Prussia and the schemes of Bismarck. It seems impossible that France and Austria should ever come to an understanding on the Italian question, unless they should resolve some day to put an end to it by partitioning Italy; but for the present it is certain that France will not countenance an attack upon Venetia. It has been notorious since 1859 that France is the only country that makes war for an idea; but the idea of fighting for Italy when there would be more political profit to be gained by taking the part of Austria, could not be entertained for a moment.

At the present critical

time, when it seems very possible that the negotiations with the Hungarian Diet may lead to nothing but a rupture and a wild attempt at insurrection, by which the extreme party in Italy would undoubtedly seek to profit, it is of the utmost importance for Austria to be on good terms, and if possible to have a cordial understanding with France. Austria, among the governments of Europe, is the chief representative of Conservatism, as France is the chief representative of the Revolution; and, in presence of France and Austria united, the extreme men both in Italy and Hungary ought to feel discouraged.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. AND C. WATKINS.)

duellist, who, having made up his mind to shoot his man, pushes up against him or steps upon his toes without apologising, in order to call forth an energetic remonstrance which may serve as a pretext for sending him a challenge. There are now but few Englishmen who do not rejoice at the result of the Italian War; but there were still fewer who, at the beginning of the year 1859, were not rendered indignant by the cynical manner in which the war was prepared; and ever since that celebrated New-Year's Day, when the Emperor Napoleon told the Austrian Ambassador that he was "not at all satisfied with

they spread to a place on the east of the island, and nearly to Fort Antonio on the north of it. Now, among all the controversies on the subject, one thing has never been disputed, and that is that by great promptitude on the part of the authorities, and by the skilful disposition of the troops, comparative safety was speedily restored to all persons of whatever race or colour who desired to live in peace and orderly submission to the law. But serious questions have arisen as to the measures which were taken in the course of that repression, and after that comparative safety had been effected. Now, the plain truth is, that we are not in possession of sufficient information to enable us to arrive at a reliable and just conclusion on this subject, on which questions have been raised. That being so, we have felt it to be our bounden duty to institute an inquiry into the matter and we thought that inquiry could only be complete and satisfactory if it was instituted in the island itself. Accordingly, we have obtained the services of the distinguished man Sir H. Storks, who left the seat of his government at Malta and has proceeded for a time to take the government of Jamaica, and to preside over the inquiry there to be conducted. Captain Fane has taken the opportunity of proposing a question to me, and it is a question which I have not the least objection to answer to him and to you. He asks me whether the temporary interruption of Governor Eyre's command was intended as a stigma upon Governor Eyre, or whether it was a necessary concomitant of the institution of the inquiry in the island. I have great pleasure in telling my friend that it was not intended as a stigma upon Governor Eyre. I hold it to be the duty of every man who has the fairness of an Englishman in his heart—and I am quite sure it is the duty of her Majesty's Government, and more particularly of the individual who now addresses you—when he institutes an inquiry, to avoid all prejudgment of the result of that inquiry; and I can only say that when the whole business comes to be laid before the Imperial Parliament I trust it will be seen that, to the best of our ability, and as far as the circumstances of the case have rendered it possible, we have done all in our power to obtain a fair and full inquiry, and to avoid in any degree prejudging the result of that inquiry with regard to those who, it is observed, were compelled by their duty to act under the circumstances in which they were placed. I trust I have satisfactorily answered the question of Captain Fane. Gentlemen, we thought that for the good of the colony and for the completeness and effectiveness of the inquiry it was most important that all the powers of the Crown, civil as well as military, should, during the conduct of the inquiry, be vested in a single hand; and, as soon as we had determined upon the inquiry, we communicated with Sir H. Storks; and as soon as he reached this country he received the commission from the Crown, and is at this moment approaching the shores of Jamaica, and about to enter upon his duties. We have also been able to secure the services of two other most distinguished men to assist Sir H. Storks, and to-morrow they will leave this country for Jamaica. I think, therefore, we have done that which it was our duty to do; and I trust that we are free from all imputation of having in any degree prejudged the case.

Mr. Neate, M.P., also responded to the toast, and, referring to the Jamaica question, observed that, whatever exaggeration there might have been on the part of those who were called pseudo-philanthropists, they did express, perhaps with some exaggeration, what he believed to be the real feeling of the educated and humane people of this country. (Cries of "No, no," and "Hear, hear!") He begged everyone not to commit himself prematurely to any expression of approbation at what he, in common with the country at large, might, upon obtaining greater knowledge, have to denounce, reprobate, and condemn as measures of excessive severity.

THE HOUSELESS POOR OF LONDON.

ON Saturday afternoon, delegates from all metropolitan boards of guardians assembled at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, at the invitation of Mr. H. B. Farnall, C.B., the Commissioner of the Poor-Law Board, to confer together with a view of adopting a uniform system of treatment of the classes known as the "houseless poor," whose condition has excited so much attention of late. Mr. Farnall was unanimously voted to the chair, and some interesting facts were elicited in the course of the proceedings.

The Chairman said the subject which they were met to discuss could not fail to be of the greatest interest to them all, for, both as residents of this great city and as guardians of the poor, they were deeply concerned in the condition of those houseless poor and wanderers, for whose relief the Legislature had provided in the enactment known as the Houseless Poor Act. It had seemed to him expedient that the guardians should meet together to confer as to the adoption of some uniform treatment of those poor at all the workhouses in the metropolis, both in regard to the food given to them and the labour exacted from them in return for the relief they received, so that there should be no inducement for those who claimed this relief to visit one place more than another. He was particularly desirous that a labour test should be exacted from those who could work, and that there should be in every workhouse this test of indigence, and this would save the able labourer from the temptation to wander from union to union and live without employment—an inducement which was certainly open to him by food and lodging being given without labour being exacted in return. The Poor-Law Board might have issued an order laying down certain rules to be followed; but it had been thought better to adopt the mode of asking the guardians themselves to express their views as to what plan it would be most advisable to follow in regard to the uniform treatment of the houseless; and, to assist them, he proposed to lay before them a few facts. As they were doubtless aware, before the passing of the Houseless Poor Act the guardians were bound to provide for the destitute and houseless who applied to them; and the whole accommodation in the metropolis before the passing of the Act for those known as casuals would have provided for 997—that is to say, in the workhouses. Now, this room was most unevenly distributed, for some of the parishes, and those generally poor ones, had fair accommodation, while others, and some rich parishes too, had none at all; and he knew instances of a board being hung outside a workhouse with "Take Notice.—The Casual Wards are Full," when there was not a casual ward in the place. It was to remedy the injustice of poverty-stricken parishes having a burden from which rich parishes were free that the Legislature passed the Act. Society was very properly shocked at the destitution which was seen in the streets at night, and a benevolent Legislature determined that relief should be given to those wretched beings who were found sleeping under arches and in ruins, and herding in any miserable places where they could shelter themselves in any degree from the weather, and that they should have the protection to which they were entitled by the laws of the country. The result of the passing of the Act was the doubling of the accommodation for the casual poor; for now 2000 could be sheltered where before nearly 1000 could be received. The last returns showed that this accommodation was ample, generally; for the average relief afforded each night was to 1288 persons, who were bedded and provided with food night and morning at the charge of the whole metropolis. This number did not appear to him to be by any means a numerous body of poor—casual poor—to be accommodated in this way. Some people seemed to think that, by thus making arrangements for the care of the houseless, encouragement was given to vagrancy, but a calm consideration of the whole matter would dissipate this opinion. Here, in London, there were nearly 3,000,000 of people, and when the pauperism of this large number was examined, it was found that, of these 3,000,000 of people there was but a fraction over three in every one hundred receiving parochial relief—that was to say, not three families in every one hundred, but three persons—counting the old, the sick, the infirm, and the babe at its mother's breast. And it was not to be wondered at that there should be poverty in this large population of 3,000,000, taking into account the effects of fever, which would drag a working family down to be for a time recipients of relief—the sudden stoppage of work, fire and loss of furniture and tools, the death of one on whom a family depended, were casualties which recruited the ranks of pauperism, and it was not surprising that the London workhouses should be called upon nightly to house some 1200 wanderers. Of course, there were more sometimes, and generally the same persons would be found applying over and over again, who were really houseless, and shifted from place to place; while others, it would be found, were parishioners—the chargeable poor of the parish, who would take their turn of the straw bed and their crust of bread night and morning in preference to asking the guardians for relief, hoping, doubtless, to obtain employment. It was to be remembered, too, that there was no new obligation imposed by the Houseless Poor Act. In the old times the masters of workhouses were under a legal obligation to open their doors at any time, night or day; and the relieving officers might have been called at all hours to give necessary relief. The only change was that the payment for the houseless was spread over the whole metropolis, instead of some poor parishes being burdened and others getting off. An opinion had gone forth that this Act was a failure, and this had been broadly stated; but how it could be so was not shown. The casual wards of the workhouses were not filled, except in certain places. Marylebone, for instance, where the Act was now properly carried out, might complain of the large numbers who received the relief there; but it must be remembered that Marylebone was a vast parish, and its workhouse was peculiarly situated for receiving a large number of houseless, being in a great thoroughfare, and the high road to the western, northern, and north-western districts. With regard to the "utter break-down" of the Act which was reported during the week in the newspapers, and which "utter break-down" was stated to be shown from "official sources," by giving "official" opinions on its working, he would just state that the "official authority" was no authority at all. He begged to state that the Poor-Law Board had not asked for the guardians' opinions, and that no opinions had been received, but the manner in which the "official opinions" had been obtained was by a reporter writing round to the masters of the workhouses for their opinion of the Act, and which he published as "official." The masters generally would never like the Act; it was not to be expected that they would; and the fact ought to be known that the guardians had not been asked for their opinion, and they had not given it. On the other hand, he had received a letter from the guardians of large and important parishes, disclaiming all participation in the belief of their master, that the "Act was a dead failure." The Act ought to be a great success;

he thought it had been, even up to the present time, a very great success, judged by the fact that there was nothing like the misery and distress about the London streets that there used to be. He was well aware that the management of the London houseless poor was a difficult and delicate operation, that there was such a thing of so giving relief as to invite men to become idle, and that, if once the parish loaf was given away without necessity, there was a beginning in the way of fostering poverty. He did not want the necessities of the houseless tested. They came in the garb of want. They were ragged and hungry; but if they got the shelter and food which they wanted they ought to give some work in return. And this should be done to send back the idle to honest industry; to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, as all should do, and this might be done without any severity. All the poor people who filled the ranks of the houseless were not of one class. There were among them respectable clerks, broken-down tradesmen, and skilled mechanics, who could not, if they sought shelter in the casual wards, break stones in return for their relief; but they could pick a given weight of oakum or tease some bristles, while the "navvy" and labourer class could be made to do the heavier work. It was hard to discriminate between those who needlessly sought the shelter of the wards and those whose necessities compelled them to come there; but this would show the necessities, for if an able man or able woman, in return for six ounces of bread night and morning and a straw bed, would do a task of labour, it proved at once they needed the relief. A case of the "break-down" of the Act was brought before the public the other day in a case reported in the papers of a poor cripple who was refused admittance to a workhouse, and it turned out that the porter refused her even with plenty of room in the wards, so that by the negligence of a lazy man the Act was brought into disrepute. He was glad to be able to say that, whereas formerly he was always being informed by letters from the police of the refusal of the workhouse authorities to take in the houseless, he had only received one letter during the last eight or nine months reporting such a case, and this would show that the Act was working well. He went on to suggest that the uniform dietary should be six ounces of bread and an ounce of cheese to adults and children above nine years of age for supper, children under nine to receive bread and butter; and in the morning the same quantity of bread with a pint of porridge; but he left the whole matter in the hands of the meeting.

Mr. Harris, of the Poor-Law Board, gave a detailed description of the dietaries now in use round London, from which it appeared that there was every diversity.

A resolution to give bread and porridge during the winter nights for supper and bread and porridge for breakfast was, after a very long and tedious discussion on details, carried. The delegate from Marylebone, Mr. Taverner, advocated the giving of gruel to women and children all the year round for supper, but the humane suggestion was overruled, and the proposal to give cheese was denounced by one of the guardians as the "shadowing forth" the giving luxuries to paupers. In the discussion which took place with respect to the labour test one guardian stated that since his parish had exacted a labour test the number of applicants for admission had been reduced by nearly one half, though the season was more advanced.

The resolution that a labour test should be applied to all able to work who receive relief was adopted unanimously.

The chairman thanked the guardians for their attendance, and remarked with respect to the refuges that these institutions relieved a great amount of distress, but he wished they too would adopt some labour test.

THE REVENUE.

Quarter end. Dec. 31, 1861.	Quarter end. Dec. 31, 1862.	Year end. Dec. 31, 1861.	Year end. Dec. 31, 1862.	Year ended Dec. 31, 1863.	
				Net Revenue.	Net Revenue.
Customs	5,932,000	5,670,000	22,532,000	21,707,000	..
Excise	5,000,000	5,110,000	19,342,000	19,649,000	306,000
Stamps	2,223,000	2,372,000	9,468,000	9,636,000	168,000
Taxes	1,294,000	1,317,000	3,261,000	3,364,000	103,000
Property-tax	1,580,000	1,451,000	7,999,000	7,603,000	396,000
Post Office	1,090,000	1,130,000	4,060,000	4,250,000	190,000
Crown Lands	88,000	90,000	307,500	314,000	6,500
Miscellaneous	862,596	866,415	3,151,874	2,673,478	478,396
Total	18,069,596	18,007,415	70,125,374	69,196,478	773,500 1,702,396
				Net Decrease	928,896

The revenue returns for the quarter and year ending Dec. 31, 1863, are of the most satisfactory character. The total revenue for the year has been £60,196,478, against £70,125,374 last year. The net decrease on the year is therefore £928,896. This decrease is accounted for in three items—customs (which have felt the reduction of the tea duties), £828,000; property tax (which has felt the reduction in the rate), £396,000; and miscellaneous, £478,396. On every other item there is an increase. On the quarter the net decrease is only £62,181, which is caused by the reductions in customs and property tax. After deducting the increase, the falling off in the last quarter amounts to £62,000; on the last three quarters nearly £1,120,000. Mr. Gladstone calculated the total loss on his reductions last April at £3,800,000. As there is only another quarter to come it is probable that the result will be within a million or more of his calculation.

FEVER AND THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

DR. HORACE JEFFREYSON, in a letter to the *Times*, gives the following description of the dwellings of the poor in fever-haunted localities in London:—

First, as regards the water supply of these typhus nests. This is extremely deficient. Those houses the best supplied have each a butt, holding about eighty gallons, into which water flows from a stand-pipe from ten minutes to half an hour each day, and is supposed to supply the wants of twenty persons for cooking; the washing of their persons, house, and linen; and for the rinsing down of the closets at such times as it may suit the caprice of anyone of the inmates.

At other places a larger butt, but, in relation to the number of persons, proportionally smaller, supplies a whole court of ten or more three-roomed houses, which have no back yards and a population of 150 people, members of thirty different families. On Sunday even this supply is absent, the water of the day before is gone, and in many houses that for the Sunday cooking has to be begged from neighbours who may have provided themselves with a larger butt, who are more provident or more dirty. Sometimes for part of Sunday and Monday a whole court has to borrow for their scanty necessities from a "public" at the corner. Thus, the day of all others when the homes of the poor are crowded, the means of cleanliness and comfort are even less than on the working days; while in those instances where continuous weekly day toil precludes the housewife from cleaning on any day but Sunday, she then finds it impossible to make up the compulsory neglect of the week. More than nine tenths of these water-buts have no covers, and fully half are so placed as to catch the drippings from the foul eaves of the houses, and are lined internally with scum and silvery vegetation. More than a few are so rotten that one's finger can be pushed through them, and they allow the water to run rapidly off—an evil for which there is some consolation, as it is better than that the water should be swallowed after it has imbibed the soppy sewage, sometimes of the foulest description, in which the water-buts not infrequently stand. In some courts and alleys not even such appliances are to be found. Several such, containing, say, eight two-roomed houses and sixty-four inhabitants, are thus supplied:—A half-inch pipe projects a few inches through the wall of the court, so that any small can or tub may be placed under it, on the soppy ground, by such of the inhabitants as possess them, for the purpose of catching the water, which flows for twenty minutes only in the course of the day. Those who have no vessels, or are out, or not up as early as the water flows, must go entirely without. Large numbers of the poor are indignant, and complain of such a state of things, while others—a minority, I am glad to say—have come to acquiesce in that for which they see no hope of remedy.

This question of water is as difficult as it is important. The existing water companies are unable adequately to supply the growing requirements of London. During the past year some of them have had to supply their deficiencies by taking water from the Thames at forbidden points. The days of miracles being past, it is no good striking at existing water companies, but it must be seen that their interests do not prove rocks to obstruct the schemes of those sanitarians and engineers who would bring abundant and pure water to the metropolis. The confined back yards of the houses are almost universally unpaved. Black sewage and ooze from dilapidated closets, mixed with collections of dust and garbage, are often so offensive that even the acclimated inhabitants state they are often forced to shut the windows that get air from such yards. Others, less fortunate, have a closet as a lean-to structure against the walls of their houses, through which the soil soaks and makes the rooms themselves nauseous. Such a building, one mass of filthiness, I have seen act as dustbin and pantry, and open direct into a living room. The houses themselves may be divided into three classes. First, such as cover acres of the ground of London, small four-roomed tenements, with wet walls, sodden floors, and loose ceilings and roofs, permitting the rain to come through. Two of the rooms are upon the ground floor and two above, and, with few exceptions, give covering to four families, and to from twelve to twenty persons, rarely more. The rent of each room is from 2s. to 4s. a week. The largest room of the house will barely give 250 cubic feet to each of five inmates, while sometimes ten persons crowd into the same space, which is often used as workshop as well as

dwelling-room. In many such, where typhus had been or was raging, I saw smart warm children's clothing and good cloth garments being made for children and men, whose friends may have to wonder painfully whence came the poison to which they, like Alton Locke's cousin, have succumbed. Many novels nowadays are far from being works of fiction. Let Mr. Kingsley's readers bear this in mind, and go for facts to certain portions of the novel alluded to.

Worse even than such houses are the miserable two or three roomed buildings which are placed back to back, without any back yards, any staircase window, or any means of through ventilation; so that the upper one or two rooms are the receptacle of part of the air from the lower. The inhabitants of those upper rooms often imbibe typhus from atmosphere which was a little too pure to give disease to those on the ground-floor room. In such houses it was generally the "party up stairs" who first had the fever, and from whom the poison spread over the house. The third class of houses includes such as those originally built for the better placed, and were occupied by single families. They are old rambling houses, containing a number of rooms, varying from eight to twelve, exclusive of cellars, which were inhabited till within the last few years. There are as many families as rooms in the house, each composed of from ten to two persons. Lodgers are not unfrequently taken in, under the rose. In some houses of this kind, known to me from the prevalence of typhus in them, I found the cellars communicating with the main living-rooms on the ground floor by an open staircase, through which and the cellars there used to be traffic to a small yard behind, but which are now impassable, because of the cellar and stairs being filled up level with the floor of the room and the yard by the dust, garbage, and sweepings of the house, which have literally not been removed for years. If this mass be disturbed, insects, maggots, and the forms of animal life which swarm in decaying matters show "a life below stairs" the reverse of comedy.

In one such room that I more particularly examined the whole of a family had had typhus. The husband died. The family still live in the same room, with the cellar in the same state. Nothing has been done, and the house is a centre of fever poison. Truly the homes of the poor are an Augean stable, to cleanse which effectually requires the earnest action of a more numerous and effective staff than are now brought to bear on the subject. With such back yards, deficiency of water, and internal defects, let us turn to the courts and alleys themselves. A large proportion of them are foul in the extreme, unpaved, covered with garbage and black mud, so foul that the poor complain of the impossibility of keeping their houses at all clean, while every person stirring out of doors must needs bring back so much filth. In some the drain has been stopped up for months. In one alley, upon which houses of the second open, and in nearly all of which fever had raged, the nuisance of stagnant sewage was increased by blood from a butcher's slaughter-house, which communicated with this pestilential alley, and joined the black pool in which children were paddling, close to the doors of the houses. One woman, lately come to the locality, assured me that it did not suit her constitution, as though she had one of a peculiar delicacy.

In another such unpaved court the ground had lately been cleared after eight months' neglect. Many loads of foul manure had been taken away, and the process of removal was attended with stench sufficient to "sicken" the inhabitants, who had already passed through an epidemic of typhus, by whose familiar faces I was surrounded. In relation to the natural history of typhus, numerous instances came to my notice of family succeeding family in typhus-infected houses, each succumbing in succession, till at last the house was for a time shut up and lime-whited. Then fever ceased, and has not returned, though the house has since been inhabited by the same class of poor. In one street there were within a short time more than one hundred cases of typhus. Three fathers of families lay dead at the same time, leaving thirty-eight orphans to raise the rates and swell the ranks of pauperism. After a time fever died out, but nothing effective has been done to yards or houses, which belong to a landlord who, in other parts of London, owns nearly similar typhus nests. While such are the conditions of life in places where fever is or has been raging, spots quite as bad in respect of over-crowding and other sanitary defects are at present free from typhus, showing that in all probability a spark of specific contagion is alone requisite in most instances to set in a blaze of the tindery material. At the present time such contagion is not far to seek, and it is hard to say to what extent the now so prevalent typhus may not spread. The particulars of the outbreak of typhus near Norwich, to which you have just given publicity by publishing and commenting upon Mr. Clarke's letter, sufficiently indicate the fearful manner in which fever may extend in the squalid dwellings of the poor.

MR. BRIGHT ON REFORM.—Mr. Bright delivered a speech on reform, at Rochdale, on Wednesday evening. The theatre of the place was densely crowded; and the Mayor presided. In the course of his speech Mr. Bright pointed out that, in his opinion, the Government would act wisely in making the reform bill simply a suffrage bill. To introduce either the ballot or the question of the distribution of seats would impede the progress of the measure, and very likely defeat it. He avowed that he thought the Government ought to make the municipal and Parliamentary franchise uniform—in other words, that there should be a household suffrage in boroughs. As to the counties, nothing less than a £10-rental franchise would be acceptable; and to such a reduction he regarded the Government as being pledged.

GESEES.—The following is the very goosefied information respecting English habits, furnished by a French paper:—"It is customary in that country of spleen and of association for every gentleman who is admitted into society to send a fat goose at Christmas to the lady of the house he is in the habit of visiting. Beautiful women receive a whole magazine of eatables in their drawing-rooms, and are thus enabled by an ingenious calculation to ascertain the number of their friends, or their suitors, by that of the fat geese sent them. As many geese as many lovers. In England a goose is sent instead of a love-letter. It is very original, like everything that is English."

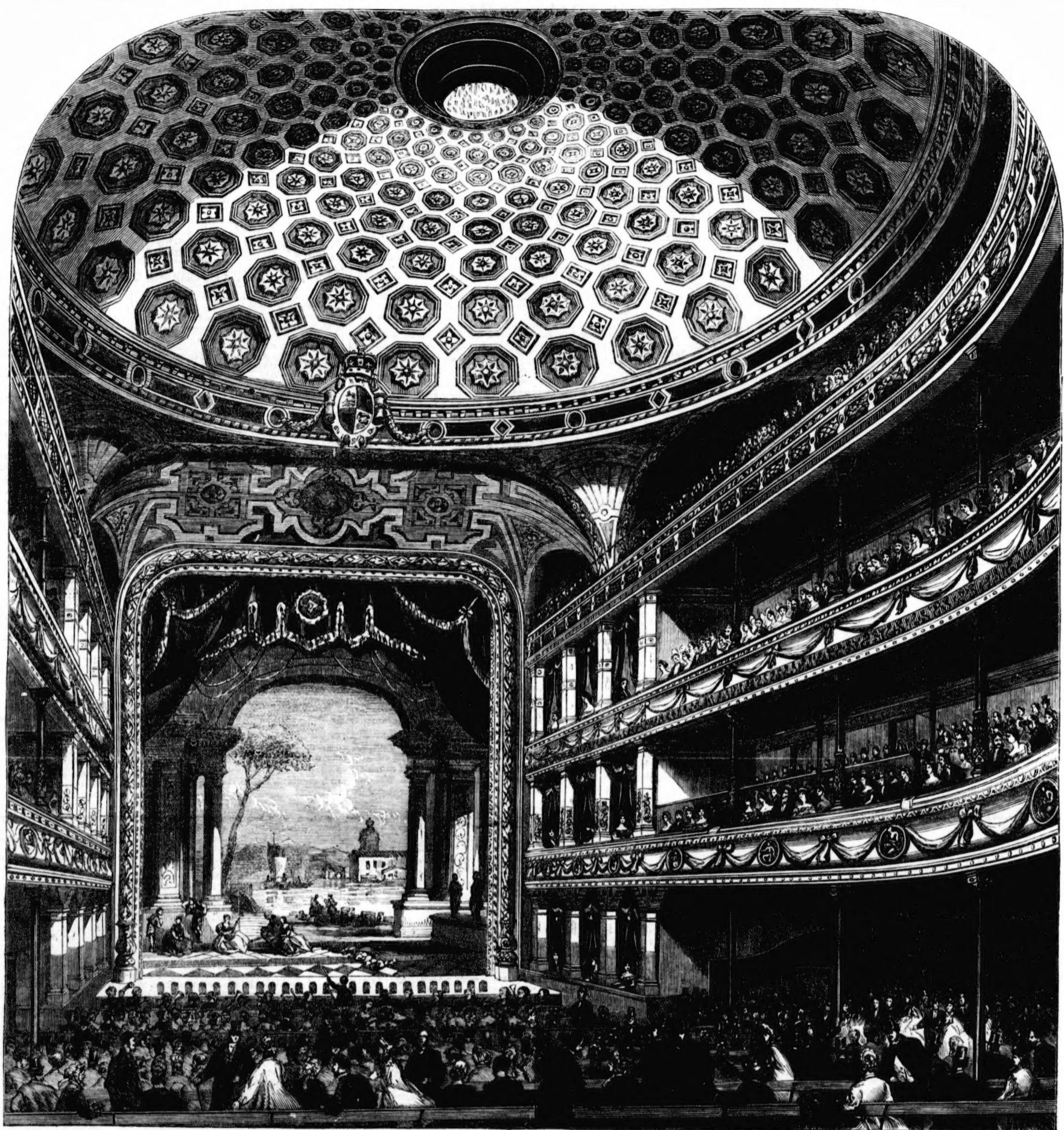
THE BAGPIPE AN ENGLISH INSTRUMENT.—At a meeting in favour of early closing, held in Edinburgh last week, the Lord Advocate, in the course of an eloquent address on music, said:—"Most people think that the bagpipe is a Scotch instrument. Some are proud of the bagpipe, others are afraid of it; but whether by its friends or its foes, the bagpipes are looked upon by us as something national. Now, I am not at all sure that we are entitled to any such praise or blame. I believe it could be demonstrated—though our friends on the other side of the Tweed would be excessively indignant—I believe it could be demonstrated that the bagpipe is an English instrument—essentially English; that the English were the original bagpipers: and I find in confirmation of this that Shakespeare, who was an authority in music, refers to the bagpipes constantly, but he does not introduce them into 'Macbeth.' The armies in 'Macbeth' don't march on Dunsinane to the sound of the bagpipe, and he speaks of a person 'laughing like a parrot at a bagpiper'; but all without the slightest Caledonian reference. And when we look at the works in the Register House, and show how our former Monarchs spent their income, we find the expenditure for music put down in such entries as the following:—'To the English pipe, 3s. 6d.' And Scotchmen were not the pipers; they were harpers. The harp was the old Scotch instrument, and I believe continued to be the old Scotch instrument till within a very recent period."

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK.

WE have already, in a previous Number, given a description of the building erected at the corner of Threadneedle and Bishopsgate streets for the National Bank, which is one of the most striking additions to our modern street-architecture. Our former Engraving represented the exterior of the new edifice; and we now publish an illustration showing the great banking-hall, where the business of the establishment will be transacted with the public.

THE NEW SURREY THEATRE.

THE new theatre in the



INTERIOR OF THE NEW SURREY THEATRE, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.

the "Auditorium," is of the horsehoe form, 68 ft. in length, measured from the curtain to the back wall of the pit, and 62 ft. in width. Two rows of stalls — a novelty at the Surrey — are separated from the pit, the floor of the dress circle being raised about 10 ft. above the pit level. In the old theatre there was only one tier of boxes, but now there are the two, the first or dress tier measuring 9 ft. and the second 10 ft. from the floor to the ceiling. Both rest upon iron columns, brought forward to the front of the circle, and thus forming an ornament as well as a support. The fronts to the boxes and gallery are enriched with medallions and wreath decorations, finished on light tints and gold ornamentation. A "coffered" dome, 50 ft. in diameter, 55 ft. above the level of the pit, and rising

10 ft. in the centre, covers the auditorium. This is highly ornamented in gold and delicate tints upon the blue ground-work of the coffers, and so also is the entablature round its base, in which are several panels tinted light Venetian red, and inscribed with the names of celebrated dramatists. A large sunlight burner, illuminating the entire house, is fixed in the centre of the ceiling. All the designs for the decorations of the auditorium have been furnished by Mr. Ellis, the architect.

The stage is 60 ft. deep and 70 ft. wide between the "scene docks" (that is, the portions on each side unseen by the audience), which are each 15 ft. deep, thus allowing 100 ft. for working room; and the various rooms appropriated to the actors, &c., are all lofty and spacious.



COSTUMES OF THE PEOPLE OF BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM.

THERE appeared some time ago in our columns an account of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, respecting which such fierce disputes and constant bickerings have time after time agitated the various sects which have chosen to worship within its precincts. Our Engravings this week relate to a locality essentially associated with the great Christian festival which has just terminated, and certainly the most picturesque of all the places in Southern Palestine connected with Scripture history. These sacred localities are no longer difficult of access, and to travel in the East is now growing nearly as common as to make a journey up the Rhine, and is much more easily accomplished than an excursion to Norway and Sweden. One of the latest visitors Eastward, Dr. Norman Macleod, has given us a vivid picture of the appearance of Bethlehem. From those mountains of Moab came Ruth and Naomi. One of those fields stretching like a green landing-place at the foot of the broad stairs of cultivated terraces, was the scene of that exquisite idyll of Ruth gleaning "amidst the alien corn" which sanctifies common life, shedding a glory over every field of reapers, like that which rests over the lilies of the field, and is greater far than any which Solomon ever knew. To these far-off hills, too, David sent his wives for safety, just as a Highland Chief in similar circumstances would have sent his wife, in the days of the Clans, to relations "far removed" it might be, yet strong in the ties of blood. The three convents attached to the Church of the Nativity, which crown the summit and the ridge on which the village is built, wear the massive and dignified look of an old mediaeval fortress. The terraces, which, like gigantic stairs, descend to the lower valleys and the small alluvial plains and corn-fields, have a fine, bold sweep, and are rich

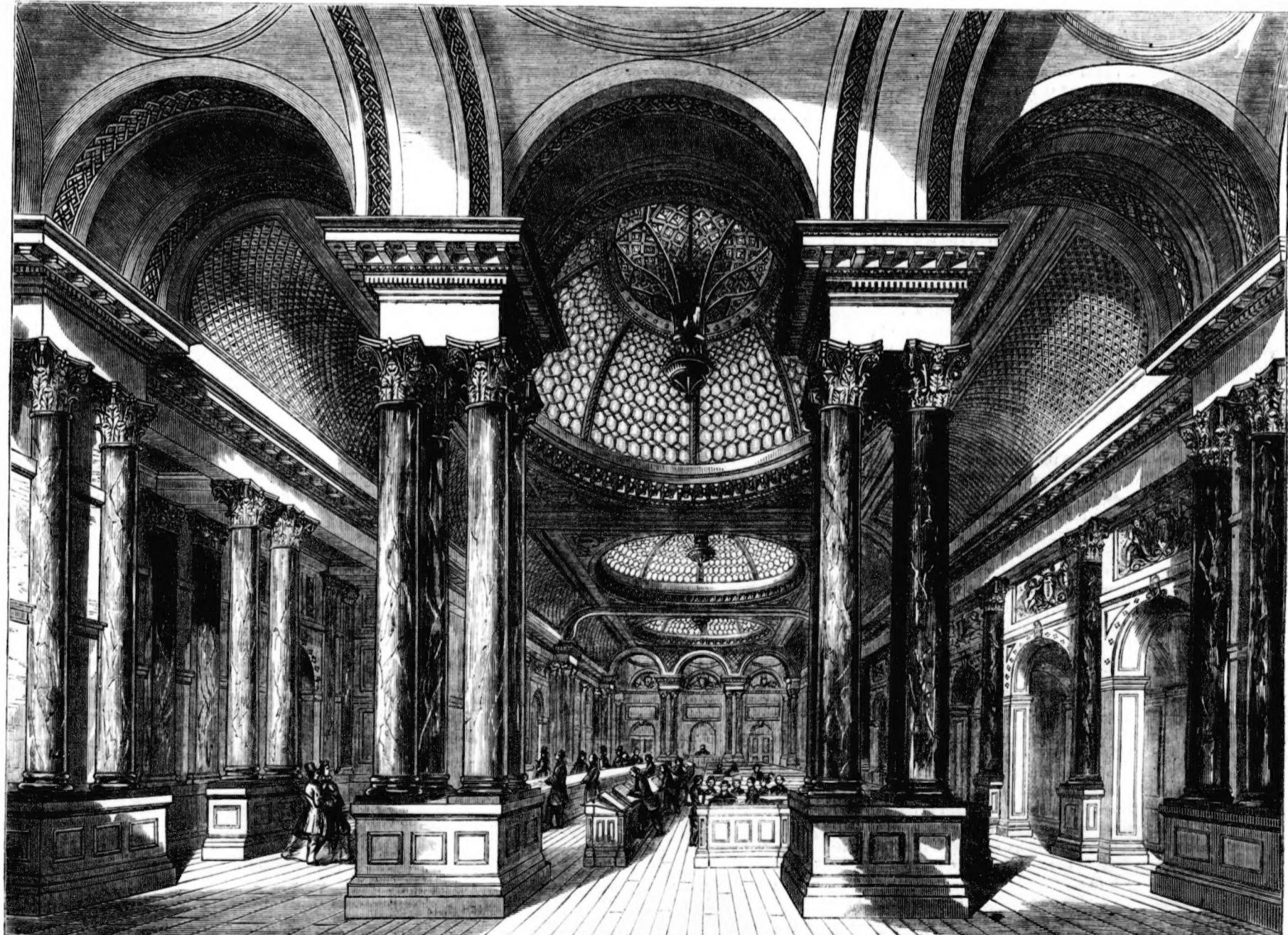
in olives and fruit-trees, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of the white limestone rocks and soil. The hills around are higher and more varied than those which border the upper plateau, the cone of Jebel Fureidis breaking their otherwise tame outline, and the mountain ridge of Moab rising with its noble wall against the Eastern horizon.

The "sacred localities" of Bethlehem are all seen under one roof. One can here pace along the oldest existing Christian church in the world. It was repaired by King Edward IV. of England; Baldwin was crowned in it; and it was built centuries before by the mother of the first Christian Emperor. It is a noble structure, though it has but scanty ecclesiastical furnishings. In spite, therefore, of its roof, made from the cedars of Lebanon, and its grand rows of marble pillars, it looks cold, bare, and uncared for.



A BETHLEHEM INTERIOR.

this cave may have been used as a stable. But, in spite of all probabilities in its favour (says the Doctor), "I could not associate the Incarnation with what the eye saw here. The spectacle did not help my faith or even harmonise with it, as did those scenes in nature associated with the life of Jesus, which the priest has not yet attempted to improve. Bethlehem itself—its lovely hills, its very air, with the blue sky over all—impressed me infinitely more." Many of the buildings seem to retain their primitive simplicity, and resemble caves both in form and structure; the processes, too, of preparing food, cooking, and weaving, as well as some of the more common handicrafts, seem to have been retained with true Oriental conservatism. But the costumes of the people are no longer either so simple or so dignified as those worn in the Apostolic period, but are a combination of the Turkish, Armenian, and Coptic fashions.



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ILLUSTRATED TIMES

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

THE SANITARY STATE OF LARGE TOWNS.

It is generally expected that we are to have a stirring time of it in Parliament next Session. A reform bill will probably be brought in by the Government, and great party fights will certainly take place on that and other topics. It is to be hoped that other and equally important, if less obtrusive, matters—we mean social and sanitary reforms—will not be lost sight of in the din of party warfare. The sanitary condition of our large towns is a subject which ought not to be postponed for the sake of great party fights, or even for the purpose of passing a reform bill. To reform in our representative system we have no objection: but as health is of more value to the poor than votes, and cleanly homes more vital than any question as to who shall occupy the Treasury benches, we trust that while the one class of subjects is attended to, the other will not be neglected.

The letter of Dr. Jeaffreson, a portion of which appears in our columns this week, shows what the state of the dwellings of the poor in London is; and other large towns are as bad, if not worse. We have lively recollections of scenes we have witnessed in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, in whole districts of which foulness is the rule, cleanliness the exception. Manchester, Birmingham, and other places are little better, as is proved by the returns of the rates of mortality given by the Registrar-General. Dr. Jeaffreson tells us what he has seen in London, and what have been the consequences—fever and death—of what he saw. The metropolis cannot be the worst place in the kingdom, for its rate of mortality is about the lowest; and what is true, therefore, of the unhealthy state of London, must be still more true of that of most of our large provincial towns.

The London Fever Hospital had to shut its doors against applicants for admission the other day: its wards were all full. Typhus has invaded one, at least, of the metropolitan poor-houses, and has made a victim of a young, energetic, and able medical officer. This state of things must not continue. We must cease to preserve fever-breeding nests in our midst. We must look to the state of the dwellings of the poor, or health in the homes of the rich will be jeopardised. Unwholesome dwellings, foul water, bad drainage, over-crowding—these are things which we must no longer ignore. We must begin to think of playing the part of the Good Samaritan rather than that of the Pharisee. We must exert ourselves to help those who cannot help themselves, and not turn away with an “I-am-holier-than-thou” thought in our hearts. Legislation on this and kindred subjects is more urgent than mere political changes, however advisable these may be. The constitution of our local vestries and boards requires careful looking into. The members of these boards are not unfrequently directly interested in maintaining the existing order of things. They are, in many cases, the owners of the property in which improvements are most urgently needed; and, of course, they oppose such improvements because they must be made at their expense. We have inspectors and surveyors already; but these officers are responsible to the vestries, and the vestries are composed of the owners of property mainly, who either cannot or will not see that their best interest is subserved by providing wholesome homes for their tenants, and thereby conserving their health and saving the parish purse at the same time. And, as local busybodies who get themselves made vestrymen will not see these things, or, seeing them, will not do their duty, we must provide a system of municipal government that will really secure the conditions of health for the people; and vestries and local boards of all kinds must go to the wall, if need be, in order to accomplish so important a reform.

THE HOUSELESS POOR.

“CHEESE or gruel?” That was the question debated with considerable warmth at the meeting of poor-law delegates with Mr. Farnall, at St. Martin’s Hall, on Saturday last. One might well feel inclined to be facetious over the points raised and indignantly satirical at some of the sentiments expressed in the course of the discussion; but we are content to accept the results of the conference and be silent as to some of the incidents which occurred. These results are, that a uniform dietary for casual paupers is to be adopted all over the metropolis; that that dietary is to consist of good bread and the “halestone p. arritch” which, according to Burns, is, or was, the “chief of Sco tia’s food;” and that a not unreasonable labour-test is to be applied to the recipients of relief. All this is very sensible, and we hope will be honestly carried out by the parish officials. There is now no temptation on the part of the guardians of particular parishes to shirk their duty in this matter; they

are repaid their expenditure upon “casuals” from the general fund; and it is for them to take care that workhouse officers, to save themselves trouble, do not make the law and the resolutions of their superiors of none effect. The determination to make porridge instead of cheese an element in the rations provided for the homeless poor is a wise one. Better wholesome porridge than questionable cheese, as most probably the article supplied would have been. But let the concoction be good, honest, substantial porridge, and not mere thin, weak gruel. There is a mighty difference between the two, as the paupers who have to do their four hours’ work upon the meal will speedily discover.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL returned to Lisbon on Saturday, and were enthusiastically greeted on their arrival.

THE FRENCH PRINCE IMPERIAL has received as a Christmas gift from the Emperor of Austria, through Prince de Metternich, the grand cross of the Order of St. Stephen, accompanied by an autograph letter.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK with the present Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia is now regarded in Germany as a settled thing, though not yet officially announced.

THE KING OF BELGIANS is to have the Order of the Garter conferred upon him.

THE EARL OF CORK will in all probability succeed the Earl of Bessborough as Master of the Buckhounds.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, it is generally thought, will be elected President of the Royal Academy as successor to the late Sir Charles Eastlake.

ALDERMAN JAMES WILLIAM MACKAY, J.P., was, on Monday, inaugurated Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin for the year 1866.

MR. JOHN BLOSSETT MAULLE, of the Midland Circuit, Recorder of Leeds, has been appointed the third member of the Jamaica Inquiry Commission, to act with Sir Henry Storks and Mr. Russell Gurney.

MR. EDWARD BULLER, the member for North Northamptonshire, is to be created a Baronet.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is, it is said, to receive the grand cross of the Bath vacated by the death of Lord Palmerston.

DEATH having made several vacancies of late in the Sacred College, the Pope has at the present moment no fewer than fifteen scarlet hats to dispose of.

A MICHIGAN SOLDIER, arrested for stealing a rebel’s goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag and he arrested it for treason.

THE LINK LINE connecting the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway with the Metropolitan and other railways on the north side of the Thames was opened on Monday morning.

A PENSION of £200 a year has been granted to the widow and daughter of the late Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

A NUMBER OF TENANTS on the estate of Mr. Shirley, in the county of Monaghan, have, it is said, received notice to quit their farms for refusing to vote for Sir G. Foster at the last election.

THE CONDUCTORS OF TRAINS ON THE SWEDISH RAILWAYS are to be instructed in surgery, so that they may assist in case of injury. An ambulance medicine-wagon is to accompany each train.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR intends to bring in a bill for the repeal of useless and obsolete Acts, of which the mere schedule of titles occupies 256 folio printed pages. Some of them relate to the government of the American colonies—now the United States.

AN ADVOCATE OF COLMAR lately left a legacy of £4000 to the lunatic asylum of that town. “I earned this money,” his will states, “by the patronage of those who go to law; my present gift is but a restitution.”

MISS RICHARDS, the columbine at the Sunderland theatre, was burned to death during the performance of a pantomime, last week, from her dress being ignited by an explosion of gas.

MINERAL OIL-MINES just discovered at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, have been visited by competent persons, and a favourable opinion has been expressed by them as to the material found being adapted to the manufacture of paraffin oil.

MR. RAMSAY, of Barnton, Midlothian, who came of age about a year ago, died on Saturday morning last, from the effects of an accident resulting in crystallias. He was the son of the late Mr. Ramsay, M.P. for Midlothian. His large estates pass, it is understood, to Sir Alexander Gibson Maitland, Bart.

A SCOTCH WEAVER, fond of whisky, having taken the pledge, ordered a roll and a gill of whisky, poured the whisky on the bread, and ate the latter. He said his pledge prevented him from drinking whisky, but not from eating it.

THE CONTEST FOR THE NORTH RIDING at the late general election cost the two parties an enormous sum—close upon £28,000. The expenses of the two Tory candidates are put down in the Sheriff’s return at £14,684; those of Mr. Millbank at £13,289.

A MAN AND WOMAN NAMED BRANDON have just been charged before the Tribunal of Correctional Police in Paris, with annoying a neighbour named Fauconnet, by having trained a parrot to repeat the words, “Fauconnet is a thief, a miser, a pig,” etc. They were fined 16s. each, and ordered to pay between them 50f. damages.

GENERAL JOSEPH JOHNSTON is the manager of an express company. Forrest is running a sawmill, on the Mississippi. Mosby, the guerrilla, has become an attorney; while Hood and Longstreet are going into partnership together, in business, at New Orleans. How strange the combination sounds—“Hood and Longstreet, commission merchants and general agents”!

AT THE DINNERS of a certain legal association of London it is customary to drink the toast “Wine and Woman.” On a recent occasion the chairman announced that he thought the same toast could be proposed in terms more complimentary to the profession, and therefore he begged to give them “Lush and Shee”!

SIR T. BEAUCHAMP, vice-chairman of the Norfolk Cattle Plague Association, proposes to slaughter, on a certain day, all diseased cattle throughout Great Britain. The Hon. Baronet considers that the Government should pay liberally for the beasts thus destroyed, and he contends that by this means the disease would be effectually exterminated.

A NEW RESIDENCE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES will be immediately commenced in the Windsor Great Park, near Cumberland Lodge. It is thought that the new lodge will be ready to receive the Prince and Princess with their suite at the end of the summer, when it is expected the gaiety of Windsor, so long dormant, will once more be revived.

MRS. LONGWORTH-YELVERTON has commenced an action for libel against the proprietors of the Glasgow North British Daily Mail, on account of an article which appeared in their paper commenting favourably on the verdict in “Longworth v. Saturday Review.” A similar action will be brought on the same grounds against the Pall Mall Gazette.

IN THE CEMETERY AT RINGOLD, in Georgia, U. S., there is the following inscription on a tombstone Monday: “Sacred to the memory of Tennessee Thompson, jun. He lived to enliven the happiness of his parents three years, two months, and twenty-three days, when death tore him from the mountain’s brow. An angel caught and bore him o’er the sea, and placed him in God’s White House, to live and play through all eternity.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE is to be commemorated by a marble monument in the Presbyterian burying-ground, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore, where his remains were laid.

VIOLENT STORMS of wind, accompanied by rain, have passed over nearly the whole three kingdoms within the last few days. Numerous disasters at sea and much damage to property on land are reported.

THE NUMBER OF VISITORS to the South Kensington Museum during the week ending Dec. 30 was 27,764. The total number of persons who have visited the museum since the opening is 5,729,497.

CREWE HALL, in Cheshire, the splendid mansion of Lord Crewe, was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning, and a large portion of its contents, including several valuable works of art, was destroyed. The fire is said to have been caused by the overheating of the pipes. The mansion was insured.

THE COMMON SERJEANT OF THE CITY OF LONDON has been officially appointed Deputy-Recorder during the absence of Mr. Russell Gurney as Commissioner to inquire into the circumstances connected with the revolt in Jamaica.

THE FUTURE OF BELGIUM.—A Belgian paper publishes the following curious prophecy relative to the future of Belgium, which is stated to have been made by the famous physician, Cornelius Gemma (born at Liège, 1575), and preserved by Justus Lipsius:—“The heavens announce it: a happy time will come, when the Belgian land will shine in its own light. Oh, beloved Fatherland! thy sadness is deep, for thou must fear the Spaniard and the Austrian, keep off the Frenchman and the Batavian. My fellow-citizens, the sky will look threatening to you for two centuries and a half more. But when a third of the nineteenth century (1830) shall have passed, then, beloved Fatherland! will freedom and glory be thine; then will thou shine in splendour, misfortune will fly far from thee, and God will be with the Belgian people.”

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued last week for the last time, and will meet on the 1st of February. The papers, one and all, tell us that the House of Commons is being made as smart as it is capable of being made for the reception of its new occupants; fact being that nothing whatever has been done to it at present, and that nothing will be done to it but what scoulers and dusters can do. A new iron roof has been substituted for the wooden timbers in the chamber above, where the gas-burners are—Dr. Percy, the lighter and ventilator, having decided that woodwork up there in such a heated atmosphere was not safe. The papers tell us also that no alteration in the arrangements of the seats, as was thought likely, will be made. “The seats will run north and south on each side of the House.” Certainly. No alteration will be made, no alteration was thought likely, since, about four years ago, when this matter was investigated, and it was found that by no possible re-arrangement could more than some half dozen new seats be got, and so it was decided to make no change. “The seats will run north and south.” Of course they will. Any other arrangement of them would disturb a good deal more than the seats and their occupants. The writer of this piece of intelligence had somehow heard of a proposition made by an honourable member at the time aforesaid that the seats should be arranged in circular form in front and to the left and right of the speaker, which idea was scouted as soon as it was expressed, as a monstrous innovation. It involved such revolutionary changes in the customs and forms of the House that the members would not listen to it for a moment. For example—Black Rod, if such a change were made, could no longer march up the house; there could be no bar to bring offenders to; nor could the present mode of taking divisions be continued. The only improvement which we should get from the change would be this: we should have in the centre a place for that third party of moderates which Mr. Adderley and others seem to see in course of formation, but of which I at present see no foreshadowing. In such case, we should have some new terms imported into the House, such as “the hon. gentleman on the right centre” and “the hon. gentleman on the left centre.” But it will be time enough, I think, to provide a place for this party when it shall have got itself to be something less shadowy—not merely an idea in the hazy head of the hon. member for North Staffordshire, but a realised idea, or, as I might call it, a substantial entity. For my part, I do not believe in this *juste milieu* party. There always has been, substantially, two political parties in the House, and I think there always will be—the progressive party and the stagnant, not to say retrogressive. Disraeli said, when the Aberdeen Government was in power, “England dislikes coalitions.” True, and the reason is, Englishmen do not like undecided, milk-and-water people.

It is very odd that Earl Russell has not been able yet to complete his Government. The chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster is still vacant. The lordship of the Admiralty has not been filled up. What can be the meaning of it? Mrs. Gamp tells us that nobody will take these places. Knowing that the Government cannot hold together beyond March, the aspirants for office will not venture their fortunes in such a crazy ship. But nobody out of “Sairey’s” circle believes this. Still, the fact remains. Earl Russell has been busy Cabinet-making for two months, and has not completed his work yet. Rumour has whispered that Mr. Childers, who is now Secretary to the Treasury, will go back to the Admiralty to succeed Lord Clarence Paget; but, though it has been confidently asserted that Lord Clarence is to retire and take an active command, the assertion has not yet been stamped with authority. His Lordship is still at work at Whitehall, busy about the Estimates. And one would imagine that, as he is superintending the getting up of the Estimates, he means to keep in office and work them through the House. In six weeks the Navy Estimates will be presented; and it would seem to be hardly likely that the care of them will be intrusted to a Secretary entirely new to the office, and, of course, utterly ignorant of their contents. But Governments do such strangely anomalous things that it is not safe to argue that this will not be done. I suspect, though, notwithstanding all the confident announcements that have been made, that Lord Clarence will not resign yet. The temptation to resign is great, though; for, having served five years, his Lordship is entitled to £1000 a year for life. Why a Secretary to the Admiralty should receive this handsome annuity after only five years’ service, I cannot say. An Admiral or a General, though his body were covered with wounds, would get no such pension; and a poor clerk would get nothing, for a clerk cannot be pensioned unless he has served ten years, and then only ten-sixtieths of his salary is given to him. Lord Clarence is fifty-four years old. If he chooses to retire now, and should live till he is seventy, his services of six and a half years will have cost the country nearly £30,000. To outsiders, this arrangement seems very unjust.

Most of the London daily papers have dispatched representatives to Jamaica, to be present at the investigation into the late occurrences there which is to be undertaken by Mr. Russell Gurney and Mr. Blosset Maulle. We shall thus have full details of the evidence collected as it is obtained. Mr. Clifford, of the Inner Temple, represents the *Times*; Mr. John Holdsworth, the *Daily News*; Mr. Godfrey Turner, the *Telegraph*; and Mr. Gorry, the *Star*. I have not heard the name of the *Herald*’s representative, or whether the *Advertiser* has sent out a commissioner. Most of the gentlemen above named are already well known in literature or journalism. Mr. Clifford, I believe, is the author of a work which appeared a few years ago under the title of “The Greatest of the Plantagenets,” and which is a valuable and interesting contribution to the history of the life and reign of Edward I. Mr. Holdsworth has had long experience as a reporter in the “gallery” on the staff of the *Times*, from which he lately transferred his services to the *Daily News*, and is regarded as one of the ablest reporters of the day, and from personal intercourse I know him to be an intelligent and well-informed gentleman. Mr. Turner has also had a thorough training on the London press, and has for several years been one of the most valued members of the *Telegraph* staff. Mr. Gorry is an advocate of the Scottish Bar, but has for several years devoted himself to journalism. He is understood to be a gentleman of very “pronounced” opinions on all subjects connected with the negro; and, as it is stated that he goes to Jamaica in the double capacity of advocate for Mrs. Gordon and representative of the *Star*, am I too uncharitable in supposing that his duties and sympathies in the one character may be apt to warp and colour his statements in the other? Advocates are not usually impartial reporters of their own cases.

A new map, showing the railway and other improvements proposed to be effected in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, founded upon the plans deposited at the Private Bill Office, has just been issued by Messrs. Stanfield, Vacher, and Letts; and is a very valuable and well-timed publication. Existing railways are indicated by plain black lines; railways already sanctioned but not yet completed, by dotted lines; and new lines and new improvements by red lines. The proposed alterations and their bearings are thus seen at a glance; and the enormous extent of these projected changes can only be understood by observing how completely the map is crossed and blotted in all directions by lines and patches of sanguinary colour. The proposed improvements are of nearly all descriptions: railways, roads, markets, gasworks, new public and other offices, the Thames embankments and approaches thereto, subways, canals, boulevards, &c. A list of the plans is appended, with the names of the engineers of the works, the estimated length of railway lines, roads, and so on, from which it appears that the plans of no fewer than sixty-eight schemes have been deposited. Verily, if all these projects are carried out, in addition to those already sanctioned or in progress, a resident of London will soon be unable to know the quarter of the City with which he may have been familiar from infancy. Perhaps things may all come right in the end, but I can’t help thinking that we have a fair prospect before us of being “terribly bothered” in the meanwhile. The various lines of railway proposed may possibly ease the traffic on the streets ultimately; but they will certainly be seriously cut up and obstructed by contractors’ heavy wagons pending the process of construction. We may look out for en-

hanced paving rates for some years to come, "I kalkilate," as Uncle Sam would say.

I thought it was long since settled, on the dictum of Sydney Smith, that the Scotch were not the most witty people in the world—that, in fact, they were devoid of fun altogether. That has long been the notion of cockney scribblers, at any rate. But the Scotch, or some of them, are by no means disposed to acquiesce in the verdict, and have set about proving the contrary by starting a witty publication—a sort of local *Punch*—of their own. This periodical is entitled *The Eclipse*, and has on its front page an engraving in which a scrofulous postman is scattering about copies of the new journal in such profusion that *Mr. Punch*, the *Owl*, and a personification of *Fam*, are fairly overwhelmed, and are glad to beat a retreat. Modest this, at all events, whether witty or not. The only other pictorial funniment in the number before me (the 3rd) is thoroughly characteristic of the country whence it comes. It is called the "Fate of the Decalogue," and represents the Rev. Dr. McLeod driving a locomotive-engine, labelled "Sunday Train," over and through all the laws made with the intent of preserving "the Sabbath." The letterpress contents consist of tales and poems, and may be full of "fact, fiction, humour, satire"—vide titlepage; but I can't say, for I have really been unable to read them.

Mr. Buckmaster, a gentleman well known for his labours in the promotion of popular education, has been delivering, at Newport, a tirade against the style of amusement in vogue at mechanics' institutions. He complains that lecturers on purely scientific and literary subjects have been driven from the field, and their place occupied by a host of mountebanks, buffoons, mimics, decayed actors, disguised showmen, and comic vocalists. "Ambubaciarum collegia, pharmacopole, mendici, mimæ, batrachones," says Horace, in a sentence so like that of Mr. Buckmaster that the coincidence can scarcely be accidental. Mr. Buckmaster lays all the blame upon the conductors of the institutions. The real truth is, that the fault, if any, lies with the audiences. What possible comfort can it be to a carpenter, after his day's work, to listen to a lecture on electric telegraphy, dyeing, astronomy, cotton-spinning, or the funeral ceremonies of the Peloponnesians. Let any mechanics' institute committee determine upon providing only so-called "scientific" lectures (which seldom teach anything to one hearer out of a hundred), and their institute will be shut up in a few months.

If nature abhors a vacuum, cities should detect nooks and corners given up to waste, rubbish, old saucepans, dead dogs, and little boys. An empty railway-arch in a big town is not a pleasant thing to look upon. It is convertible into something more sightly than rough bricks above and mud-heaps below; at least so think Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the famous refreshment contractors, for they have converted one of the railway-arches near the Ludgate-hill station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, into the most elegant restaurant in town. The new Ludgate restaurant was opened on Saturday last, and about five score gentlemen sat down to a capital dinner—Sir Cusack Roney, Knight, occupying the chair. If the notion be carried out on other lines, the days of the gritty sandwich and the shaving-box pork-pie are numbered. I must not forget to mention that the *arch-warming* was a great success.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

In *Blackwood* Sir William Hamilton is, in my opinion, avenged of Mr. Mill. The article is by far the best which I have read upon the subject. But the friends of this Journal will be more entertained by an extract from the "Memoirs of the Confederate War." Some of us who have delightedly known the gentleman as a *raconteur* will recognise an old friend here:—

MR. FRANK VIZETELLY IN CAMP.

In accordance with his promise, Mr. Vizetelly came now to pay us a longer visit. Our new guest was an old campaigner, who accommodated himself very readily to the hardships of camp life, and was soon established in his own tent, which I had caused to be erected for him in the immediate neighbourhood of that of Blackford and myself. He was not long in becoming a general favourite at head-quarters. Regularly after dinner our whole family of officers, from the Commandant down to the youngest Lieutenant, used to assemble in his tent, squeezing ourselves into narrow quarters to hear his entertaining narratives, which may possibly have received a little embellishment in the telling, but which embraced a very wide circle of human experience, and had a certain ease and brilliancy beyond most such recitals. The "ingenious youth" of our little circle drank in delightedly the intoxications of *Mabille* and the *Château des Fleurs*, or followed the *raconteur* with eager interest as he passed from the gardens and the boudoirs of Paris to the stirring incidents and picturesque scenery of the Italian campaign, which he had witnessed as a guest of Garibaldi. V. was greatly pleased with our musical entertainments; and when, after talking for several hours, he had become exhausted, and when, from the gathering darkness, we could only distinguish the place where he was reclining by the glow of his pipe, and thus lost all the play of the features in his rehearsal, we proceeded to our great central camp-fire, there to renew the negro dances to the music of the banjo—scenes which Vizetelly's clever pencil has placed before the European public in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*. Less successful was our friend in his efforts to improve the cuisine of our negro camp cook, and we often had the laugh upon him—especially when one day he produced in triumph a roast pig, with the conventional apple in its mouth, which we found to be raw on one side and burned to a cinder on the other. This work of art had been prepared under his own personal management, and was served as *cochon à l'Italienne*, but it proved by no means so happy an accident as the original roast pig, *dine à la Chinoise*.

For myself, I never listened to a *raconteur* so good as Frank Vizetelly; and, to quote a passage in "Gil Blas," in the *Gil Blas* sense, his stories were often startlingly *bon pour l'instruction de la jeunesse*.

In addition to what was said last week of the *Cornhill*, I will call attention to "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," by Thackeray, which is but little known to readers of to-day. Compare it with Mrs. Browning's poem upon the same subject! This number contains, too, some deeply-moving "Recollections of Waterloo, by a Surviving Veteran." The other contents are good. But the article on "American Humour" is, though good, an instructive instance of that curious, level, after-dinner literature of Remarks (—it is hard to describe briefly)—for which the *Cornhill*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* are conspicuous. There is no "relief" about it; the thinking, if any, has all been put under a mangle and flattened out. An interesting topic this, upon which there is plenty to say another time.

Temple Bar begins a new story—"Archie Lovell," by the author of "Miss Forrester"—which is brilliant enough. The remaining contents of the number are varied, and there is an article on Jamaica by Mr. Morris, the late Postmaster-General of the island. The *St. James's*, too, has a Jamaica paper.

In the *Shilling Magazine* "Phemie Keller" has been lately rather weak. Mr. Sydney Whiting has begun a story, called "Pseudologia, an Episode in the Life of a Barrister," which is much pleasanter reading than writing of the kind usually is. The rest of the number is neither good nor bad.

Once a Week, in its monthly part, is before me, and nobody can help being interested in observing how this magazine has maintained a special character of its own. A good deal of its literature is amateurish, but you always find plenty of story and anecdote in it, with "a plentiful lack" of *opinion*. Never anything craggy to break your mind upon, though some of us, like Lord Byron, rather like that sort of thing for a change. This part contains some really pretty verses by W. C. Bennett.

In *Good Words* Mr. Kingsley's "Hereward" is done with, and a good job too. Mrs. Oliphant (the author of "Agnes," &c.) begins a new tale, "Madonna Mary," which is one of the best things I have seen for some time, and opens with the re-marriage of a wife long in harness, but who has lost her "linea." The woodcut of the "Re-marriage" is enough to make a cat laugh; it looks as if it had been originally drawn as a caricature and then sent to Arthur Hughes to touch up. There is a good paper, "My Dervish Life," by Arminius Vambery, and one by Mr. Gilbert on the "Four Minutes" for which a hanged man "lives" after the drop has fallen. It is a powerful paper, and I rejoice to see it, believing, as I have always done, that there is not in any civilised country in the world any way of putting men to death which is so utterly cruel in its tediousness as hanging. Four minutes is the *minimum* duration

of consciousness after the fall of the drop—it may be ten, or perhaps twenty—and Mr. Gilbert exhibits, by recording an experiment made by himself on himself in a railway tunnel, the terrible amount of thought that may be crowded into even the minimum four. The stanzae entitled "The Covert," would be poetry if they were verse, and it is a great pity the necessary pains were not taken with what might have been so good. Even as it is, the lines are conspicuous in merit.

Here is a new comer, the *Monthly Packet*, which begins a fresh series with the present number. All the "light" literature of the Anglican party is charming, and I have always had a weakness for the *Packet*. What do our Dissenting friends think of a book of "Readings for Members of the English Church," which gives hints for "Christmas Theatricals" at home; and very good hints, too? *Monthly Packet!* I like you heartily, with your pretty folk-lore (a passion of mine is folk-lore), and your fresh, hearty, "human" ways. What I dislike about you may stand over for the present.

The different publications of Mr. Beeton—the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, the *Young Englishwoman*, and the two magazines for boys—are really deserving of strong words of praise. Mr. James Greenwood, one of the best observers and sketchers now "going," has begun, in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, a series of papers on the Depths of London Poverty, which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. The paper on Charlotte Corday is very good. The author of "Mildred's Wedding" begins "Norman and Grind," a new story; and there is much more that is new. Of the fashion-pictures I dare not speak; but I always look at them for the figures and the faces, and, then, for the weird effect of the articles of dress with nothing in them.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Sir Walter Scott's story of "The Bride of Lammermoor" has endured at the hands of dramatists more than most. Its plot has formed the subject of several dramas, and—crowning indignity!—has even furnished the subject for the libretto of an opera. On Saturday, the 23rd of last month, another version of the same tale was produced at the LYCEUM under the title of "The Master of Ravenswood." The house was filled, as usual on Lyceum "first nights," by the principal literary and artistic notabilities of London. Men and women whose names are familiar to the eye on the title-pages of books and in the catalogues of exhibitions crowded together in the boxes and stalls, and the show of opera-cloaks, coiffures, and shoulders was fully equal to that of similar occasions. The story of "The Bride of Lammermoor" is known to all persons likely to cast their eyes over a theatrical notice. It is therefore only necessary to say that it has not been departed from, except in two instances. When the Lord Keeper and his daughter Lucy are the guests of the Master of Ravenswood in Wolf's Crag, Bucklaw and a dozen Jacobite conspirators break into the castle for the purpose of slaying Sir William Ashton. This incident, which is borrowed from French dramatic version of the story, is as absurd and unnecessary, and out of place, as it is ineffective, and gives exactly the notion of a story of Scott's as filtered through the brains of a Frenchman. The second departure from the text—the dénouement—was essential, and is highly dramatic and interesting. The "Master of Ravenswood" is announced as being in nine tableaux; in a more familiar parlance, it is in five acts; and one of those acts at least is unnecessary, for it not only does not assist the progress of the action of the piece, but retards it. The scenery is extremely beautiful. It depicts the Merman's Well, the Gate of Wolf's Crag, the Interior of Wolf's Crag, Girningham House, Ravenswood Castle, the Chapel Cloisters, and the Kelpie's Flow, where the prophecy that hangs over the doomed house of Ravenswood is fulfilled. The costumes are too splendid. They would be very well in an opera; but in a play they smack of the Court masquerade. Mr. Fechter acts the Master of Ravenswood with his accustomed energy, chivalry, and pathos. He made Edgar the tenderest of lovers, the kindest of masters, the haughtiest of cavaliers; but the sternness and rugged grandeur of the character he entirely overlooked. There was too much of the *perre noble* about Mr. Jordan's Sir William Ashton; but this may have been as much the fault of the dramatist as of the actor. Mr. Hermann Vezin, whose face is a welcome one in London, played Haystoy of Bucklaw with so much manliness and spirit that it was a pity he did not throw more petulance and hot blood into his conception of the part. Mr. Widdicombe was ill at ease as Captain Craigengeil. He is the soul of good-nature and of cockney humour; but he has no artistic feelings in common with the Pistols, Bobadils, and other swashbucklers and bullies of the Middle Ages. Mr. Emery cannot be congratulated on his assumption of one of Scott's most charming creations, Caleb Balderstone—although here again the dramatist may be more in fault than the actor. Caleb Balderstone, the attached and faithful follower of the Ravenswoods, should have been a great part; and so should his wife, Mysie; or they should not have been introduced at all. The honours of the evening were carried off by Miss Carlotta Leclercq, as the doomed and devoted Lucy. The mechanical obedience which, too long and too cruelly exacted, breaks her heart and wrecks her reason, were so truthfully depicted as to surprise an audience accustomed to regard Miss Leclercq as an excellent actress. One noticeable feature during the evening was the return to the stage of Mrs. Ternan, whose services have been specially retained for the personation of Alice, the blind woman gifted with second-sight. Mrs. Ternan's performance had all the grandeur of the old school, of the days when actresses seldom appeared except as queens, pythoneses, and the like. It impressed a refined audience deeply—as, indeed, was sure to be the case—for Mrs. Ternan used to "divide the house" with the late Edmund Kean at a time when the standard of dramatic excellence was higher than it is now, and when audiences were cultivated. On the whole, "The Master of Ravenswood," at the Lyceum, is an interesting drama and a fine spectacle; and those who do not expect much "local colouring" will be highly gratified by witnessing its representation.

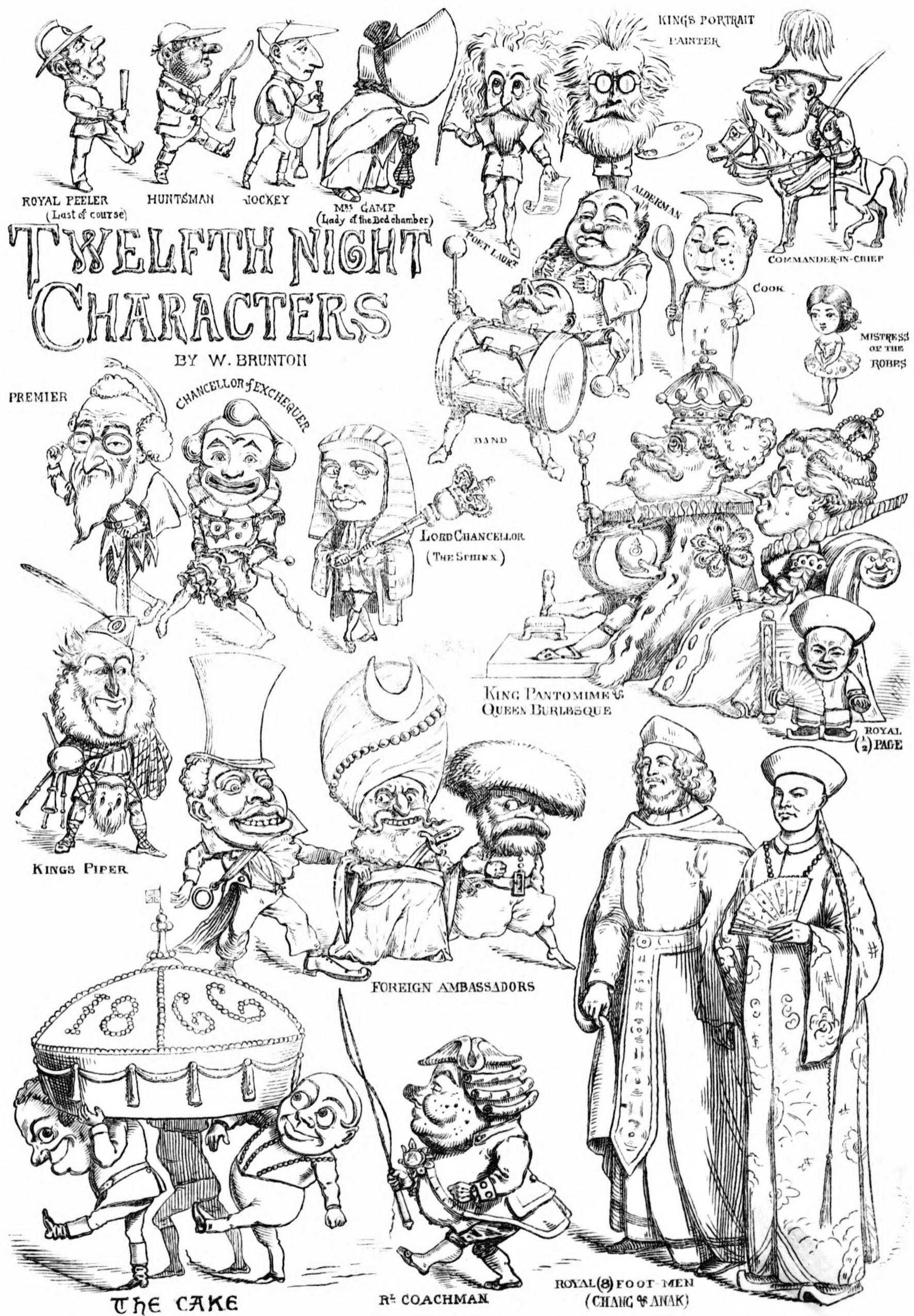
A RACE AFTER A CRIMINAL.—A race of rather an exciting character is going on at the present moment, the course being the broad Atlantic and the goal New York, and the circumstances are somewhat similar to those that occurred in the case of the notorious culprit Müller when he made his flight from this country after the murder of Mr. Briggs. The culprit on this occasion is a man named John Burton, who held a responsible position in the establishment of a City merchant, and who also holds the appointment of consul to a foreign State, and the crime of which he is accused is the forgery of a cheque for £800 upon the City Bank, Threadneedle-street. It would appear that about a fortnight back a cheque for the above amount was presented at the bank purporting to be drawn by the firm to which the absconding clerk belonged, and the signature seemed to have been well fabricated, and the cheque was presented under such circumstances that no suspicion was entertained, and the money was paid. The culprit's plans seemed to have been well laid, for he sailed in the *Saxonia*, one of the swiftest of the New York mail-packets, on the very day after he got possession of his booty, and before the forgery was discovered he was far on his way across the Atlantic. His absence from his duty of course created suspicion, and this led to inquiry and to the discovery of the forgery. Inquiries were at once set on foot, and the matter was placed in the hands of Haydon, the experienced City detective, and he succeeded in tracing the fugitive, and he ascertained beyond a doubt that the criminal had taken his passage on board the above-named vessel for New York in an assumed name, and that he was accompanied by a lady. Within four days of this discovery being made the officer had started in pursuit, and the two vessels are now making the best of their way to their destination. It will be remembered that in Müller's case that criminal took his departure in a sailing-vessel, and that his progress was consequently comparatively slow, and the result was that although Inspector Tanner did not go after him until several days had elapsed, the steamer in which he took his passage outstripped the other vessel and arrived at New York a long time before her, and the vessel containing the culprit was boarded by the inspector upon her arrival short distance from New York. In the present case, however, there is no chance of the *Saxonia* being outstripped by her follower, and she will, in all probability, arrive at New York several days before the one in which the officer has taken his passage, and if Burton should make his way from New York into the interior, the chase may probably prove a very lengthened one. It is anticipated, however, that he will make a short stay at New York after his voyage, and in this case the officer will be quickly on his track, and as there is a treaty for the extradition of criminals between this country and the United States, there will be no difficulty in the culprit being delivered up.

THE RAILWAYS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The Imperial Government, through the Board of Trade, exercises considerable powers over the railway interests. The Board inspects every mile of line opened for passenger traffic; and its certificate that the works are sufficient is essential ere a single passenger can be carried upon any new line. The Board's inspectors take cognisance of and report upon all accidents, whether to passenger or goods trains. In addition to these and other powers, the Board requires annually returns from the companies; the returns, elaborately subdivided, of all the accidents that have occurred within the year; of the amount of the respective traffic in passengers and goods; of the working expenditure, including full details concerning rolling stock; of the ordinary and preferential capital and debenture stock; and of all amalgamations, working arrangements, sales or leases of undertakings. The annual returns of these particulars for 1864 have recently been published, and we glean from them that the number of miles of railway, single and double, open for traffic in the United Kingdom on the 31st of December, 1864, was 12,789 miles, being an increase of 467 miles as compared with 1863. Of these lines England and Wales has 8890 miles; Scotland, 2105 miles; and Ireland, 1794 miles. England shows an increase for the year of new lines of 322 miles; Scotland, of 92 miles; and Ireland, of 53 miles. The total authorised capital for the construction of these works to the 31st of December last was £390,413,137 by shares, and £130,109,197 by loans; in all £520,522,334. The total amount paid up on shares, with the amount on debenture loans outstanding, at the 31st of December, was £125,183,438, or an increase of nearly 22 millions as compared with the preceding year; the increase in the capital authorised in 1864 was above £1 millions sterling. The traffic returns contain many interesting particulars. Nearly five millions of trains were run in the year, the exact number being 3,106,651 passenger and 1,863,318 goods trains, being an increase of 188,991 passenger and of 105,285 goods trains, or of 294,276 trains in all, or of above an average of 800 trains per day, Sundays inclusive. The trains ran 129,130,943 miles. The passengers carried in the year were 229,272,165, exclusive of 76,499 periodical ticket-holders, of whom there was an increase in the year of 12,108. Of ordinary passengers carried, the increase for the year was nearly five millions, the main increase being, in the third class, 15,229,183; increase in second class, 7,732,500; in first class, 1,615,407. There is an increase in each of the classes for England, Scotland, and Ireland, except as relates to second-class passengers in Scotland, in which there is a decrease of 101,764. The proportions of the respective classes carried in the United Kingdom are—first class, 12·08; second, 28·47; and third, 59·45 per cent. The proportions per cent of receipts for passengers are—first class, 25·89; second, 32·66; and third, 38·62; and season-ticket holders, 2·83. In carriage of live stock there is a considerable decrease under several divisions. The number of cattle carried in the United Kingdom was less by 161,714 heads. In Ireland the falling off was greatest, the decrease being—in cattle, 101,026; sheep, 41,930; pigs, 37,786. There was an increase of 7,402,672 tons in the coal and other minerals carried; and of 2,397,666 tons of general merchandise. The total receipts for passenger traffic, including excess luggage, parcels, carriages, horses, and dogs conveyed by passenger-trains, with receipts from mails, was £15,684,040, being an increase of £1,162,512. The receipts from goods traffic, including live stock, minerals, and general merchandise, was £18,331,524, being an increase of £1,696,655. Total gross receipts, £34,015,564; increase, £2,859,167. The working expenditure includes maintenance of way and works, locomotive power, repairs and renewals of carriages and wagons, traffic charges (coaching and merchandise), rates and taxes, Government duty, compensations for personal injury, and for damage and loss of goods, legal and Parliamentary expenses, with miscellaneous expenses not included in the foregoing. The total working expenses amounted last year to £16,000,308, or 47 per cent of the total receipts, against 48 per cent in the preceding year. The reduction in the rate of working expenses was in England from 48 to 47, in Scotland from 47 to 45, and in Ireland from 49 to 47 per cent of the gross receipts. To conduct their traffic the companies had last year a total of 243,610 locomotives, carriages, and wagons, being an increase of 14,813, as compared with the number worked in 1863. As regards accidents, seventy-eight occurred during the year to passenger-trains and ten to goods-trains. Fifteen passengers were killed in consequence of these accidents from causes beyond their own control; and 698 were injured. In addition to these, twenty-one passengers lost their lives on or in connection with railways from their own misconduct or want of caution, and eight others were injured. In addition again to these, fifteen contractors' or company's servants lost their lives in the discharge of their duty, from causes beyond their own control—that is, thirty persons, passengers, and others lost their lives without blame attaching to their conduct in the matter of the accident. The figures are sufficiently alarming, and it is but right and reasonable that those concerned in causing or rendering possible preventable accidents of any kind should be dealt with as chargeable with culpable manslaughter. But no human institutions can be exempted from accident; and it seems wonderful that of nearly 250,000,000 of persons carried, of nearly 5,000,000 of trains, run an aggregate distance of above 129,000,000 of miles, a smaller number of passengers should have lost their lives, without power to save themselves, than are annually struck dead by lightning. It seems passing strange that the whole number of deaths of trespassers, suicides, drunken, or otherwise misconducted persons on, or in connection with, all the railways of the United Kingdom should be but a fraction of the slaughter which takes place annually by vehicles in the streets of London.

REVISION OF THE STATUTE LAW.—Before the close of last Session the Lord Chancellor laid on the table of the House of Lords a bill for clearing away a mass of useless matter from the statute-book by expressly repealing enactments which have ceased to be in force, or have, by lapse of time and change of circumstances, become unnecessary, and yet have not been repealed. The bill has now been printed, and it will probably become law in the course of the approaching Session. The object in view is to clear the way for the preparation of a revised edition of the statutes which really are in force. It is a model bill, not a bare string of clauses; but prefaced by a statement of the principles on which it is framed, and containing a column (to be struck out before the bill is passed) giving the reason for the repeal of every Act with which it deals. The schedule of Acts or parts of Acts thus repealed occupies 256 folio pages. Enactments are repealed as unnecessary where the provisions are of such a nature as not now to require statutory authority: an instance is an Act of William and Mary declaring the right of election of members to serve in Parliament for the Cinque Ports. The bill repeals enactments of six classes as having ceased to be in force. There are temporary Acts which have, in fact, expired; Acts spent or exhausted by the accomplishment of the purpose for which they were passed; Acts which have been repealed in general terms only; Acts which have been virtually repealed by subsequent enactments with which they are inconsistent, or which render them nugatory; Acts which have been superseded by later enactments effecting the same purposes; and Acts which are obsolete. This last term is here applied to enactments of two kinds—namely, where the state of things contemplated has ceased to exist, as in the instance of an Act of Queen Anne for the preservation of pine-trees growing in the colonies which have now become the United States; and where the enactment is no longer capable of being put in force by reason of altered political or social circumstances, as in the instance of an Act of William and Mary, requiring gold and silver extracted from the ore to be employed for no other use than coining. The period covered by the present bill is from the Revolution of 1688 to the 10th of George III. A very large proportion of the statutes of that period relates to excise and stamp duties long since determined, but the provisions relative to the duties have (with modifications) been kept in force so as to be applicable to the existing duties. This bill repeals all excise enactments not now operative, but it has been found impossible to deal satisfactorily with the Stamp Acts merely by way of expunction, and the Inland Revenue Department have consequently determined to consolidate the whole of the enactments from the first imposition of the stamp duties down to the present time. The Act of Queen Anne, which we have mentioned as marked for express repeal, was passed in the ninth year of that Queen's reign, "for the preservation of white and other pine-trees growing in her Majesty's colonies of New Hampshire, the Massachusetts Bay and province of Maine, Rhode Island and Providence Plantation, the Narragansett country, or King's Province, and Connecticut, in New England, and New York and New Jersey, in America, for the masting her Majesty's navy." In the year 1866 this Act will be withdrawn from our statute-book.





THE PANTOMIMES.

DRURY LANE.

The state of the house on Boxing Night, crowded by an audience assembled to witness the new pantomime, entitled "Little King Pippin; or, Harlequin Fortunatus and the Magic Purse and Wishing-Cap," bore ample testimony to the importance of Drury Lane as the seat of pantomime in central London. Through the increased taste for music in modern times, the "gods" have now a method of showing their sympathies, unknown not only to their fathers, but even to their elder brothers. Every popular tune that occurred in the overture—and it was made up of little else—was accompanied by the galleries *en masse*; and, while we record that the volume of sound was astounding, we are bound to add that the execution of the vocalists was precise.

In the opening scene the audience is introduced to the Temple of Mammon, where that sordid personage (represented by Mr. Henri Drayton) is surrounded by his votaries, who present to him their respective petitions. Mammon sings in his best style a song which does full justice to the voice of which he is the impersonation:—

Chink, chink! jingle and chink!

That's the pleasantest tune, we think.

Wink, wink at whatever is bad.

So long as there's plenty of cash to be had.

While soliloquising, he is interrupted by the appearance of Fortune (Miss E. Falconer), who, having come on a visit of observation, is rewarded by the entrance of Copper, Brass, Iron, Quicksilver, and Pocket Money, and what is of far greater value, the gift, by Mammon, of the magic purse. The next scene opens with the haunt of Fancy, on the summit of Mount Olympus, a steep and rugged column of rock, the auriferous tints of which, mingled here and there with patches of vegetation, give it colour and picturesqueness. When the fairies, clad in their ethereal dress, appeared, one by one, on the apex of the mountain, and descended the winding although unseen paths in such numbers that the whole face of the rock became animated with living beauty, the audience gave full vent to the admiration which was so justly excited, and Mr. Beverley was peremptorily summoned before the curtain to receive an ovation. The tableau is interrupted by the arrival of Mammon and Fortune on a visit to Fancy (Miss Hazelwood). Mammon insists upon the superiority of his pursuits to those of Fancy, who, however, contends that but "for her all girls and boys would lose the greatest of their joys;" and forthwith a procession of her children appear, each representing a former Drury Lane pantomime. Fancy, at the request of Fortune, names Fortunatus as "the hero for some future tale," upon whom the magic purse shall be bestowed; and after the graceful action of the ballet, in which Miss Clara Morgan gains laurels as the principal danseuse, the scene changes to the city of Famagosta, in the island of Cyprus. Outealbo (Mr. G. Belmore) is a merchant of that city, and the father of Fortunatus; but he has the misfortune to meet with reverses and to be sold up. He and his wife Gratiana (Mdme. George Weston) both agree to economise for the future, and begin by performing the most menial household offices. While the unfortunate merchant is occupied in cleaning his steps, having first used the mop to wash his face and to brush his hair, Fortunatus (Miss Augusta Thomson) returns to the paternal roof from his studies in Cyprus College. On learning of the reverses which have befallen his father, he is anxious to obtain employment, and offers his services to Bras-de-Fer, Earl of Flanders (Mr. F. Barsby), who, with his Dutch guard, has been detained at the port for a day by a leak in his vessel; but the Earl snubs him for his pains. At this critical moment King Pippin (Master Percy Roselle), with the wishing-cap on his head, suddenly appears by his side, and, being in want of money, offers to sell that treasure for hard cash. After King Pippin has left, and while Fortunatus is lamenting his inability to acquire an article which would enable him to annihilate time and space, Fortune appears, and presents him with the purse. He then journeys to the Court of King Pippin to obtain the prize; but, before his arrival, the audience make the acquaintance of that personage in the precincts of his own palace. He is a Liliputian monarch, surrounded by Liliputian ministers, guards, and courtiers, all dressed in a style which Louis Quatorze's dandies might have envied. Indeed, nothing can be more admirable than both the conception and the realisation of the miniature Court, with the crowd of little lords and ladies revolving around their tiny sovereign, and dancing with measured and stately precision, while he has left his throne for the banquet. The grace and spirit with which King Pippin performed his part, and the marvellous distinctness and purity of his elocution would have been noteworthy in a well-trained and experienced actor; but, as the little hero is a mere child, it is impossible to say too much in his praise or to exaggerate the surprise as well as delight which his performance occasioned. In the midst of this scene of revelry Fortunatus is announced and strikes a bargain with the King for the wishing cap. The possession of so much gold effects him as it has done many a character in real life:—

All mine! nobody else shall touch it.

Oh! how my greedy fingers long to clutch it!

I'll raise an army, give it occupation

By going to war with every other nation,

And when I've conquered all the world right through

I'll settle on the next best thing to do.

But ambition's dreams are rudely dispelled by popular clamour. His subjects have heard that his treasury is filled with gold, and make so formidable an attack on the palace, that Pippin is glad to escape with Fortunatus, who, with the aid of the cap, transports himself and his companion to Flanders, where his father and mother (although without his knowledge) are employed as domestics in the household of the Earl. A tournament is about to be held, at which that nobleman has decreed that the hand of his daughter Agrippina (Miss Rose Leclercq) shall be given to the bravest champion. Of course, Fortunatus falls in love with the fair damsel, but, as the two domestics recognise him as their son, Bras-de-Fer forbids the banns, and a catastrophe is threatened, when the useful cap is again put into requisition, and the two lovers and King Pippin (now transformed into a page) are carried into the clouds. The unfolding and gradual disappearance of these clouds reveals the grand transformation-scene—a perfect blaze of splendour, in which glittering wheels of fortune are revolving, and resplendent fairies make the eye dizzy with their charms of person and of costume.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.

The burlesque at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, which is the work of Mr. H. J. Byron, and founded on the ever-popular story of "Don Giovanni," is entitled "Little Don Giovanni; or, Leporello and the Stone Statue." No more attractive theme could have been chosen for the exercise of Mr. Byron's skill in punning embroidery, and never has he more successfully employed it than in his latest production. Taking the story of the opera almost as he found it, and only adapting it to the very place and proper time for travesty, by throwing in a few amusing anachronisms and a prodigal supply of those popular tunes which he can reset to much more funny, flowing, and quotable verses, the author has furnished as sparkling a comicality as a Christmas audience could wish to meet with. The only direct innovation, and one which is equally droll and desirable, is to be traced in the circumstance that the portly Don Pedro, who is killed in the first scene to be re-wived (vide Byron) in the last, shams to have received a mortal wound to avoid his creditors. When he appears as the ghost at the supper-table he is pounced upon by Elvira as her first husband of happier years, and this enables Giovanni to get away from her, and to be left free to hope he may "go down" with the public instead. Miss Marie Wilton makes the gayest, smartest, neatest, and nattiest Don that could be imagined. The couplets seem to trip from her lips and dance merrily about the ears of her auditors, and when there is a song, or the share of a duet, or a frolicsome fandango to be performed on her own account, be sure that the voice and feet of the popular actress are always heard and seen to the very best advantage. Leporello, converted into a page perpetually quivering with nervous apprehension of the consequences

of his master's daring and dissipation, supplies Mr. J. Clarke with a character which prominently brings forth the rich humour of this admirable comedian. Miss Hughes distinguishes herself by the performance of some remarkable feats of vocalisation as Donna Anna, which might for the nonce make some stranger to London think he had wandered into the Italian Opera, and was listening to the dulcet strains of the prima donna. Miss Fanny Josephs, as a pert, perky, and pretty Masetto, plays with a joyous spirit which contrasts most effectively with the earnestness and intensity of the Zerlina, ably rendered by Mr. Hare with the strong feeling of the simple peasant girl as represented in the region of the domestic drama. Mr. W. H. Montgomery has never been better fitted with the part of an inspector of Spanish police, which his figure and ready perception of the humorists make inexpressibly funny. Miss S. Larkin embodies with characteristic energy the mature Elvira, presenting a substantial form and a slight suggestion of the virago. A whimsical illustration of Ottavio is given by Mr. H. Collier, who, appearing as a tenor with a cold, having his throat bound round with a woollen comforter, shows his qualifications as a dancer instead of a vocalist, and in this way puts forth a strong claim indeed to the plaudits of the audience, who insisted on having each pedal movement repeated. Mr. Tindale, with appropriate gravity, appears as the Ghost; and Miss Louisa Weston, Miss A. Wilton, and Miss B. Wilton, make up a charming trio of Spanish peasant beauties. The dialogue is exceedingly neat, and the happy references to whatever belongs to modern English life are received by the audience with a zest and ready appreciation which would convince the most sceptical that theatrical audiences are nowadays well posted up in newspaper commentaries. The following are notable instances:—

Giovanni. I ought to know it.
Leporello. On the spot you see
Once stood the globe of Mr. Wyld, M.P.
There's the Alhambra Palace within range.

Giovanni. I see. Your story is both Wyld and Strange.
When Giovanni addresses the statue the following ensues:—

Leporello. Oh, don't! He won't reply.

Giovanni. Why not?
Leporello. He can't, Sir.

None of our public statues ever answer.

Giovanni. What metal is he cast in? Bronze?

Leporello. No, master.

Giovanni. And where's his hat?

Leporello. You'd better ask his Castor.

(Leporello is ordered to take the Ghost's umbrella)

Leporello. A Ghost's umbrella seems like next to Nick's;

By rights one ought to put it by the *Styx*.

These samples may serve to show that Mr. Byron has yet a large supply at hand of those quibbling repartees with which he has so long amused the town. The piece is mounted with all that care and finish which has been so laudably characteristic of every production of the present tasteful management. The artist, Mr. C. S. James, was thrice called for on Boxing-Night, and his brilliant "transformation" scene, called the Winter Garden of the Christmas Fairies, threw the spectators into paroxysms of delight.

THE HAYMARKET.

The Christmas piece at this theatre is an adaptation by Mr. Planché of Offenbach's comic opera "Orphée aux Enfers," but which has been entitled "Orpheus in the Haymarket." Mr. Planché has followed the original scene by scene, and all the music has been retained, with the single exception of a long duet between Eurydice and Jupiter. To those who are still unacquainted with Offenbach's exhilarating music we will only say, go and hear it. The part of Eurydice devolved upon Miss Louise Keeley, who has a pretty voice, on which she has bestowed some cultivation. From the pretty opening air, "La femme dont le cœur réve," to the glorious final drinking-song, "J'ai vu le dieu Bacchus" (we are forced to quote the original titles, the translations not being published), everything that fell to her share was neatly and pointedly given. A Miss Ellen Woolgar made a first and a favourable appearance on any stage in the costume of Cupid; while Miss Lindley was a handsome Diana, and Miss Nelly Moore a pretty Venus. Mr. W. Farren did as much as was possible with a part very much out of his line—that of Jupiter; and all concerned exerted themselves to the best of their ability. The new scenes are very prettily painted; and, in conformity with Christmas traditions, the concluding Temple of Bacchus is constructed after the elaborate conventional model of extravaganza last scenes. We must not forget Miss Ellen Howard, who is much too fascinating to be overlooked. If "Public Opinion," whom she represents, always wore so elegant a shape, and if the instrument of castigation were as light as the golden lash she wields with such dainty grace, the sinners against society would have scant cause for fear. A couplet spoken by her will prove true, we trust, of "Orpheus in the Haymarket":—

Public Opinion will give you a lift;

The rise of those that I take up is swift.

NEW SURREY.

At the resuscitated Surrey, the pantomime of "King Chess; or, Harlequin Tom the Piper's Son and See-saw Margery Daw," is presented on a new stage, before an audience seated in a new pit, in new stalls, in new boxes, and in a new gallery. The pantomime here is the divided work of "Three Jolly Dogs," each of whom would appear to have introduced an independent subject by way of material, leaving the scene-painter and other decorative artists to do the mixing. The first scene is the Abode of Fun in the Realms of Fancy; and it may be observed, by-the-by, as a most curious theatrical phenomenon, that the most uninhabitable-looking interiors are always called "abodes." Into this particular abode Fun, impersonated by Miss Elizabeth Webster, descends in the car of a well-known balloon, somewhat widely associated with the name of that intrepid aeronaut and able editor, Mr. Thomas Hood. King Chess, Mother Shipton, Mother Bunch, a cat, and two or three extraneous personages are involved in the progress of this scene; after which a capital picture is given of the bottom of the sea, or, to quote the authentic words of the playbill, Queen Coral's Cryptogamic Home. Excellently are all kinds of fish and submarine objects painted on a gauzy medium; excellently is the spacious stage furnished forth as a haunt of mermen and mermaids fair. The Queen's attendants are of course fishlike in form, and her body-guard is very properly composed of lobsters, though it was repeating the blunder of a celebrated French author—by whom lobsters were called the "cardinals of the seas"—to make these amiable crustaceans red. A blue uniform would have been as appropriate, and more natural. A grand ballet, organised by Mr. Oscar Byrne, occurred in this scene, introducing Mlle. Rosier, who is new to England, and is a decided acquisition to any stage. Fun again descends, this time in a diving-bell, and accompanied by Queen Coral. A great many wonders having been hospitably exhibited by her Majesty to the sprightly guest, the scene changes to the interior of Simple Simon's cottage, where an interview with a piazzan is followed by the entry of Tom the Piper's son, who purloins a pig, which Simple Simon had been roasting for his supper. It should be mentioned—for nobody would have guessed it—that Simple Simon and King Chess are one and the same, and are, if it would not be more correct to say "is," played by Mr. Henry Thompson, a disciple of the Robson school, from Manchester. As for Tom, he is played by Miss Esther Jacobs. It is particularly pleasant to state that, in a scene representing Dame Daw's homestead, not only is Miss Margery Daw brought upon the stage, but Master Tommy Green and Master Johnny Stout—the two young gentlemen diversely connected, in a nursery rhyme, with the immersion of a cat—aid in giving variety and incident to a plot which may have been thought a little too straightforward and easy of comprehension. Then we get to the

palace of King Chess—that is to say, of Simple Simon, who throws off his rustic dress and appears in regal spangles. It is clear that the little difficulties, which the reader of this account may possibly appreciate, are only to be cleared up by a game of chess, and this game is played for the first time, perhaps, on so large a stage. Very admirably is the contest carried on, with living pieces, the players being the King and Tom the Piper's son. It is a most original and striking scene, and divides commendation with the culminating piece of mechanical splendour, the "Haunt of the Dragon Fly," which recalls the fanciful scenery of "The Golden Branch" and other burlesques of Mr. Planché, at the Lyceum. The painter, Mr. Gates, was called forward to receive the congratulations of the audience.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

WHO now keeps Twelfth Night in all its glory? Plum-pudding has up to the present time contrived to hold its own, but twelfth cake has lost its ancient prestige. Only a few of the good, old-fashioned confectioners and pastrycooks' shops display those huge structures of "snow," and "ice," and barley-sugar which once held so prominent a place in the festivities of the season; the little, painted plaster-of-paris ornaments which once adorned the cheaper cakes have been abolished by the *Lancet* and the discoveries of science; and no announcements of a "monster drawing" the day before Twelfth Night attracts a crowd before the windows which are all bedewed with rich, unctuous steam evaporated from a thousand sweets amalgamated into one delicious lump of indigestion. Still there are a few appreciative folk who keep up the good old custom; and sheets of Twelfth-Night characters are still published and drawn with the great slices of cake, to the amusement of many a jolly juvenile party. Few of the youngsters who now draw for characters remember that they are celebrating a custom perhaps older than Christmas Day itself (for the Roman children at the end of their saturnalia drew lots with beans to see who would be king); but certainly observed from the earlier days of Christianity in honour of the three Kings, or Magi, who took presents of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to Bethlehem. In England one of the earliest of all festivals is that of the Epiphany cake, wherein a bean was concealed, so that, when the cake was cut, who ever got the slice containing the bean was King of the Revels. The same custom obtained in France, where the mock monarch was called Le Roi de la Fête; and the proverb for a person who had been singularly lucky was "Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau" (he has found the bean in the cake). Beside the king and queen, other characters were introduced, such as the knave or clown, the fool, the lord of the bedchamber, and other court dignitaries, the representatives of whom were expected to support their parts during the whole evening, which was passed in various games and sports, such as the blowing-up of toy castles, the pelting of the company with egg-shells filled with perfumed water, the introductions of pantomime pies filled with live frogs or birds, and other burlesque diversions. The person who first introduced the Twelfth-Night characters in sheets or on cards is said to have been John Britton, who, in his autobiography of the last century, says that he suggested and wrote a series of characters on cards, to be placed in a bag, and drawn by the company who had assembled at the ancient festival. For the second year these pen-and-ink characters were illustrated by the father of the present George Cruikshank, and the engravings were all of a comic or ludicrous kind.

Thus the practice commenced which in a short time became a general custom. Who cannot remember the jollity and fun of the Twelfth-Night characters, some of which were inscribed with riddles of the most extraordinary difficulty, and others with verses so amazingly funny that, although we cannot recollect a single couplet, we wonder now who could have written them, and wish that Mr. Byron and Mr. Burnand would turn their attention to that species of composition, instead of wasting their talents on burlesques.

Of the conundrums, the utter disregard of coherence, or even of the ordinary stupid rules of composition, tenses, and the like, were the principal features. For instance, taking our own sheet of Twelfth-Night characters, anybody drawing "the cake" would have been asked:—

Why is twelfth-cake sure to make you ill *this year*?

Answer. Because it is ate-in-sixty-sicks (1866).

And then underneath the Royal coachman would appear:—

Why is her Majesty's Royal coach-house quite incomplete under the present Ministry?

Answer. Because she hasn't a hansom cab-in-it.

Then:—Why are the two Royal footmen, Chang and Anak, out of place?

Answer. Because they were so long before they came that nobody could higher (hire) them.

Again. —What is the difference between the Royal Scotch piper, and Chung, the dwarf page?

Answer. If *One's* (has) a tartan (tart'un) the other's (is) a Tartar (Tarter).

The force of folly could perhaps no further go; but we must all be children sometimes, or why should we go to see the pantomimes?

But, after all, the conundrums were as nothing to the verses, which were mostly designed to prove of a very personal character. Supposing, for instance, an extremely corpulent uncle drew the Poet Laureate, and, on being called upon to read his character, was compelled to inform the company that

This is the Poet Laureate,
Who thinner grew the more he ate;
Until such bad case he was in,
His rhymes came out quite through his skin.

Or, imagine a member of the domestic circle from whom the family has expectations drawing the Royal Coachman, and reading,

The coachman of Royalty gingerly drives,
With a whip in his hand and a bloom on his nose.
For this gorgeous creature as blissfully thrives,
As a dewy-fed, fully-blown alderman Rose!

You see, the beauty of this kind of fun is its delicate personality, and that, in fact, constitutes the charm of much of the good fine old crusted English humour, the decay of which is so much to be regretted.

PISTOLGRAPHY.—A new art has recently been discovered by Mr. Skaffe, which he has given the above name. The pistolgram is a picture in glass, obtained, in the first instance, by an instantaneous flash of light, and subsequently made permanent by fire. The process of giving permanency to a photograph by fire was discovered by Mr. Skaffe, the inventor of the pistolgram, whilst endeavouring to fix a photograph on the surface of an enamelled platinia-plate in a furnace he had especially erected for the purpose. After the expenditure of several hundred pounds in this species of alchemy, he found that, by inclosing a photographic picture between two plates of glass, and subjecting the compound to a heat short of that required to melt glass, for a definite time, the three substances eventually formed but one, as hard and homogeneous as a single piece of crystal—as equally unaffected by damp or moisture—and as capable of being cut by a lapidary into any required shape, whilst the original lustre of the indurated picture would continue as unchanged as the innate veins of a polished agate.

THE PRINCE OF WALES LIFE-BOAT.—A noble service was performed on the 29th ult., during a very strong gale, by the Albert Edward life-boat, stationed at Padstow, in saving an inevitable death seventeen poor fellows from the wrecked barque Juliet, of Greenock. This life-boat was generously presented to the National Life-boat Institution by the citizens of Bristol, who readily consented to the new life-boat bearing the same name as that which it replaced at Padstow. The late lamented Prince Consort always took considerable interest in the Padstow life-boat station, and had consented, when the old boat was first sent there, that it should be named the Albert Edward, after his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. On Monday the National Life-boat Institution telegraphed to General Knollys the gratifying intelligence that the new life-boat had saved seventeen shipwrecked persons. To that communication the General has just returned the following answer:—"Sandringham, King's Lynn, Jan. 1, 1866. Dear Sir,—Your telegram of to-day has been laid before the Prince of Wales, and I am desired to express the great satisfaction his Royal Highness experiences at a life-boat bearing his name having been the means of saving the lives of seventeen human creatures. I am, &c., FRANCIS KNOLLYS."

Literature.

Our Mutual Friend. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. (In two vols.) London: Chapman and Hall.

Since Mr. Dickens began to write the world has changed—even more than he has. The public of to-day is a new generation—not that which first enjoyed the "PICKWICK PAPERS"; and it is a public which, having been familiarised by him with certain aspects of the humour and poetry of town life, now turns aside to others who open up, or promise to open up, new veins of interest in the fields which he was so splendidly conspicuous in exploring twenty or twenty-five years ago. Whether his public is absolutely larger or smaller we do not know; but, relatively, it must be less considerable, because there are now so many separate realms of readers, each with its own capital and its own gods. Since Mr. Dickens was first recognised for great, Mr. Thackeray has come to the front; more recently, Mr. Trollope has gained quite an audience of his own; and, alongside of it all, we have had, since the days of "Jane Eyre," an astonishing succession of lady novelists—Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, and Mrs. Oliphant being the most distinguished among them. A new work by Mr. Dickens could never be the "excitement" that it once was; and, forgetful as the world at large is, the "name and fame" of this great man are henceforward committed in trust to the higher criticism—whose traditions will assuredly hold it in its place when lesser lights have "dropped, one by one, from Fame's neglecting hand." There is nothing in this but what is natural, quite common, and quite honourable to the man concerned, whoever he may be. It is customary to treat Goldsmith, for example, and Milton, as if they were "popular" favourites; but the mass of mankind know nothing about Dr. Primrose—they read "East Lynne"; they do not even remember the splendours of the "Paradise"—they repeat the last "thing out" in the way of verse. And so the world wags on; the traditions of the higher criticism keeping the best things in the best places.

There is one perpetually recurring idea in Mr. Dickens, which is reproduced in "Our Mutual Friend" in quite the old way with him—money considered as a bone of contention; money spread out before us in enormous sums, and then spent so lavishly that we are fearful, chapter by chapter, that it can never last to the end of the book. In all Mr. Dickens' works the spending goes on at a fearful rate among the people who have money, and how there should remain enough at the close of this book to fit up the "bower" for the young mother is more than we understand. Will not some critic who has "figures on the brain," work out the expenditure in one or two of Mr. Dickens' books, and see how it adds up? "It isn't so much that a man goes into society as that society goes into him," probably; at any rate, the dwarf (we forget his name) in Magsman's Amusements was cleaned out before he "retired behind the curtain," and we have an uneasy feeling that Boffin ought to have been. But it is probably all our nervousness.

We are sorry to say we cannot reconcile ourselves to the general conception of "Our Mutual Friend"; we do not believe there have been a thousand readers of the book who have justified Mr. Boffin and Mr. John Harmon (Rakesmith) in their ways of "managing" matters. Throughout the book we have frequent glimpses of the peculiar power of Mr. Dickens (it is commonplace and obvious to say this, yet it must be said), and all that relates to Riderhood and Bradley Headstone is strong and vivid, some of it even terrible; but the general conception is, we feel, twisted, extravagant, and unhealthy, and nothing reconciles us to it. Human beings have no right to make experiments upon each other, and Mr. Boffin and Mr. Harmon come out of the plot with better luck than they deserve. It is impossible, too, to conceive a man like Boffin "carrying on" with so much persistent reticence; or, if the thing be conceivable, then Mr. Dickens has not made it lifelike. Nor is it any answer to say that such things have happened—that the exact thing once happened. Possibly; but, in copying the thing, you have not made it real to us. With the general spirit of the "postscript" we are at one; and Mr. Dickens may rest assured that the world will not forget how nearly it lost him in that railway accident, nor forget the manly helpfulness which he showed upon that occasion, as well as upon some others. There is no doubt he has been one of the most influential men, as well as one of the greatest novelists, of his time. Administrative reform, Chancery reform, and poor-law reform, are all under immeasurable obligations to Charles Dickens.

Even if Mr. Dickens had not been for some time keeping his mind far too close, for artistic ends, to journalistic and quasi-journalistic models, he would inevitably have lost, with advancing years, something of one great source of his power as a painter of life. No man at forty-odd can possibly have the animal spirits of five-and-twenty; and, missing them, Mr. Dickens must miss the help of a leading instrument of the delight he used to give us. It is this which we feel in reading "Our Mutual Friend"—we are not carried over the incongruities and awkward places as we used to be. Readers, too, may have lost something in appreciative power, and they should remember it. But it is the old now of animal spirits that is wanting in Mr. Dickens's recent writing more than anything else. If he gave us the old delight, we should pardon the old faults. But this is impossible in the nature of things; and, unfortunately, Mr. Dickens does not appear—so far as we have before us the means of judging—to have been cherishing of late other sources of delighting power which he possesses in a high degree, but which require nursing, watching, and culture. A man's insight into "Childhood and Youth," for example, may be cultivated, and kept at the height, up to very late in life. So again may a man's power over poetic-fantastic combinations. Both these Mr. Dickens possesses in a very high degree; he will always be exemplifying them, no doubt, on some sort of scale; and, besides, it is impossible to say what so great a man may have actually in store for us. But the discipline of the world, of having to please the "public" (as that is understood), is extremely unfavourable to the preservation of fine instincts of any kind; and our verdict about some recent works of Mr. Dickens would be this:—They indicate that, having come to a critical time in his mental history, when he needed a long, watchful, and receptive pause, he found himself committed to a career which was unfavourable to his best, and that, following the stream as it went, he got into shallow water. This must necessarily be a most imperfect statement of the case; it would be better and truer if it bore a truer proportion to the affectionate and grateful homage which we associate with the name of Charles Dickens.

The Sham Squire; and the Informers of 1798. By WILLIAM JOHN FITZ-PATRICK, J.P. London: J. C. Hotten.

Mr. Fitz-Patrick, after having written memoirs of Bishop Doyle, Lord Cloncurry, and Lady Morgan, has now directed his researches, on a small scale, to one Francis Higgins, upon whom a learned Judge fixed for ever the epithet of "the Sham Squire." The affairs of '98 do not form much in the way of British reading, and the taste of it given here will be found amusing, although sometimes so wretchedly confused as to be almost incomprehensible. Higgins is the man upon whom all the incidents turn; and the author whose motto is "Truth is stranger than fiction," has been at great pains to prove that everybody has been mistaken as to the *Freeman's Journal* and its politics when Higgins was for a time its proprietor; and also that Higgins was not the actual betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but the employer of that betrayer, who, although for forty-five years in receipt of a pension, the price of Lord Edward's blood, always escaped suspicion of the treachery. Into the character and antecedents of the man Higgins it is unnecessary to enter here, unless to observe that he had many influential friends, and, although a notorious felon, a highly flattering inscription on a very grand monument. The "View of his Contemporaries, and Jottings about Ireland Seven Years Ago" are full of anecdote of a grim character, and which do lead us to think that the state of Ireland has improved despite Fenianism and wholesale emigration. The latter may be the cause.

The Lives and Lessons of the Patriarchs. Unfolded and Illustrated by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

Some of our contemporaries—the *Spectator*, for example—have been bothering themselves to explain the large "acceptance" of Dr. Cumming; but there is no mystery about it. The Doctor keeps on working a tried vein of success; he has a wonderful gift of clear narration; and is really as complete an artist in his own department as could well be conceived. Granting the desirability of this work, and the truth of the general conception of it—and scores of thousands grant all that, and much more—we cannot imagine the work better done for the public to whom it is addressed.

We suppose "F.R.S.E." may mean Fellow of the Royal Society of Entomologists? At all events, Dr. Cumming, in amplifying upon the sacred text, takes care to mention that King Solomon was "an Apian." This is not stated in the record, nor are several other things which we find in the pages; but we do not doubt that the Doctor's public will feel that they are all fair "unfoldings" of what is in the record. But the Doctor's "unfoldings" of himself are the most interesting of all. The way in which he "unfolds" into six pages a thought which most men would fold up in six words is a real marvel of the world; but that style of thing seems to suit his large audience.

Poems of the Inner Life. Selected chiefly from Modern Authors. London: Low and Co.

This volume, as we are informed in the preface, "has been prepared in the hope that it may prove an acceptable addition to the many poetic aids to thought and devotion which already exist, from most of which it differs both in its general design and in the range of authors from whom its contents have been derived. It is intended to show forth the deeper meanings of Nature and of Life, giving some of the words of truth and beauty which the poets have spoken concerning that side of our inner life which is turned towards Heaven, and which is lighted by the light of God." Such being the compiler's aim, he has proceeded to work it out by selections from Frederick (not Alfred) Tennyson, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Bryant, Burbidge, George Macdonald, Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, A. H. Clough, S. T. Coleridge, Ralph Waldo Emerson, David Gray, Mrs. Hemans, George Herbert, Longfellow, Christina Rossetti, and others. The selections appear to have been judiciously made, the passages given being generally good; and the book has been very neatly printed at the Victoria press, by Miss Emily Faithfull.

Hide and Seek. By WILKIE COLLINS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have just added this work to their half-crown series of novels, and a very good pennyworth it is, although we cannot endorse the opinion the author seems to entertain—that that opinion is implied rather than expressed—that it is equal to his other productions, such as "The Woman in White" and "No Name." The work was originally published during the excitement induced by the outbreak of the Crimean War, and, as we infer from the statements in the preface, fell rather flatly. No other edition was published till 1862, when the book underwent a thorough revision. As another issue has now been called for, we presume the work has met with at least a fair measure of appreciation. It deserves to do so, at all events; for it is very pleasing reading; and some of the characters—such as Valentine Blyth, the artist; Madonna, the dumb girl; Mrs. Peckover, the ex-clown's wife; and old rough-and-tough Mat Marksman—will be sure to be favourites with the reader.

Webster's Dictionary of the English Language, thoroughly Revised and Improved. By C. A. GOODRICH, D.D., LL.D., and NOAH PORTER, D.D. London: Bell and Daldy.

Dr. Webster has now for several years been accepted as one of the highest, if not the highest, authority on English lexicography; and in the edition of his dictionary just completed by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, we have the learned American's labours presented to us in a most complete, useful, and elegant style. The work contains 10,000 more words than any of its predecessors; it is illustrated by 3000 small engravings, and consists of 1730 pages. It has been issued in monthly parts, at 2s. 6d. each, twelve parts being devoted to the dictionary itself, and a supplementary one to a life of Webster, a history of the English language, a treatise on pronunciation, &c. The work has been got up with great care, and is, notwithstanding the excellence of other works of a like character, perhaps the completest of its kind. As a means not only of studying the correct signification of words, but for obtaining a knowledge of derivation and affinity of language, it is invaluable.

Aurora; or, Rays of Light on the Road of Life: Original Table-Talk on All Kinds of Topics. By W. TORBERT YOUNG. London: Rivingtons; Dublin: A. Murray and Co.

This is a very tiny volume of smart sayings, well calculated to furnish forth the dinner-table who has no native stock of materials for agreeable table-talk. Some of the sayings are sententious and wise; others are pregnant with satire neatly wrapped up; and others, again, breathe very pretty sentiments. We have no admiration for "cramming," either for, or at, the table; but those who require to go through the process ere they can play a decent part in society will find in Mr. Young's little book a storehouse sufficiently large for their purpose, and yet so small as to be conveniently portable—it may be carried in the waistcoat-pocket—in case, like Master Slender, they should require their "book of jests" to be at hand for reference.

Queer Customers: What They Did and What They Didn't. Promiscuously set down by their contemporary, BARTLE O'LEARY. London: Routledge and Sons.

Under the above queer title we have recorded the doings of a very queer but very jolly set of fellows. The actors are Irishmen, and the scene of action is mostly in the "green isle;" and the conduct of the dramatic persons is not cut out—always, that is—according to the pattern approved of by the anti-liquor league. For railway reading, or any dull hour, we can heartily commend the volume. We have passed a rainy Sunday in a country inn when such a book would have been a real blessing.

Biographies of Good Women. Edited by the Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Second Series. T. and C. Mosley.

The Naughty Girl of the Family. By Mrs. HENRY MACKARNES, Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c. Routledge.

What Became of Tommy. By EMILIA MARRYATT NORRIS, &c. Griffith and Farran.

A New Course of Practical Grammar, &c. By JOHN VICKERS. F. Pitman.

A Picture History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Present Time. Written for the Use of the Young. By H. W. DULKEN, Ph.D. London: Routledge and Sons.

The young must necessarily be of one class; but books for the young may at least be divided into two classes, the broad distinction between education and instruction being that which distinguishes the literature. Instruction and culture are in a measure analogous to school and college, and nobody can doubt where the higher authority rests. At present, with the four little books before us, we may leave college and the fair dream of sweet girl-graduates behind us, descend into the common day, and look into some juvenile literature made for that great occasion the beginning of the new year. There are few lady writers so much entitled to the sympathies of the public as the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," who has written much and never "a line which, dying," &c. There is a stern, honest piety in the present second series of "Biographies of Good Women" which can be misunderstood only in few households. It may be liked in all. Many

people may be surprised to find how many good women there have been, unknown to them, their good done by stealth, and their fame blushing only in their lives. The author of "The Heir of Redcliffe" edits some twenty short biographies, well written, and told in a strongly eulogistic style. Such women as Vittoria Colonna have already been biographed to death—by Mr. Adolphus Trollope, long since—but of course Vittoria flourishes here again. However, there the commonplace is nearly at an end. The great majority of the names of these "Good Women" will be new to most young students, and their examples will be valuable to young lady readers. Madame Guyon will be familiar to admirers of Cowper, and La Garaye cannot have been forgotten. But Meta Klopfstock is a comparative stranger, and her story has interest. Mrs. Trimmer has a chapter to herself, and also Hannah Moore; but they are certainly not cheerful, however much the subjects may have been in their lifetime.

"The Naughty Girl of the Family" is really amusing—partly because it is sometimes difficult to see in what her naughtiness consists. That boys will be boys is well known, and there can be no reason why girls should not be girls—and as much as they possibly can. They cannot be too much so; and it is more than probable that a little innocent deviation from straightlaced propriety is in no way foreign to girl nature. Mrs. Mackarness makes a mistake in literature by being too minute in domestic life, and too conversational, or worse. "Were girls, even little naughty ones, born only to suffer lectures?" And Mrs. Mackarness makes her characters talk very indifferent English.

"Tommy," and "What Became of Him," is again amusing, and fitted to be read to young children. Tommy and his brother have adventures very much like the babes in the wood; only they have no wicked uncle, and their robin redbreast is in the form of a country "Arab." Their kind parents take care of the little outcast stranger who protects them and takes them home, but they fail in doing any serious good to the young vagrant. Tommy at length "falls among thieves" literally, and thus there is plenty of opportunity for teaching little ladies and gentlemen all the melancholy difference between them and mere little girls and boys.

Mr. Vickers's "New Course of Practical Grammar" is, of course, perfectly instructive. It is an attempt to teach, simply and thoroughly, English spelling, inflection, and composition, with a system of exercises adapted for schools and self-instruction. A good book of the kind has never yet existed; and the present book is certain to need the care of a teacher, like the rest. Our duty is done in recommending teachers to see it before making fresh purchases. The real use of such a book must always depend upon the teacher understanding it, besides the brilliancy of the child.

After Mr. Dickens's "Child's History of England" it is difficult to obtain attention to any other work on the same subject "written for the young." And yet if Dr. Dulcken does not achieve the feat of arresting juvenile attention, he has, in his "Picture History of England," done what is as good a thing—he has deserved it. His history is very pleasantly and attractively written, and has been admirably illustrated by Mr. A. W. Bayes. The book consists of 328 pages, eighty of which are devoted to the engravings; and though of course the narrative in such compass can be little more than an outline, that outline is well executed, and cannot fail to induce youth of historical tastes to go to works of a more complete and exhaustive character. As a means of leading up to real historical study, this work is a valuable contribution to the current literature for the young.

PRESENT FROM THE QUEEN TO HER GRANDSON.

HER Majesty has just presented to her Royal grandson Prince Victor a splendid baptismal gift. This work of art has been nearly two years in hand; it was intended to have been presented on the first anniversary of the young Prince's birth—the 10th of March last—but the great amount of artistic labour required for its completion caused the presentation to be delayed until now. The work consists of a statuette of the late Prince Consort in silver, and stands 3 ft. 2 in. in height. His Royal Highness is in a standing posture, with gilt armour, copied from the figure upon the tomb of the Earl of Warwick in Warwick Cathedral. He is represented as Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and around the plinth on which the figure stands is the verse from Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Behind the figure, and resting upon the stump of an oak, is the helmet of Christian. The shield of the Prince rests against the stem, and near the tree are the white lilies of Purity, which are usually introduced into the picture of the pilgrim. Immediately beneath the plinth, and in front of the entablature of the pedestal, is the inscription:—"Given to Albert Victor Christian Edward, on the occasion of his baptism, by Victoria R., his grandmother and godmother, in memory of Albert, his beloved grandfather." In the panel below, and over the Royal arms, is the verse—

My Rose of Love with tears I laid in earth,
My Lily, Purity, hath soared to Heaven;
But both still live, and see in this new birth,
How both once more to cheer my soul are given.

On the panel on the side, over the Queen and Prince Consort's arms, is the verse—

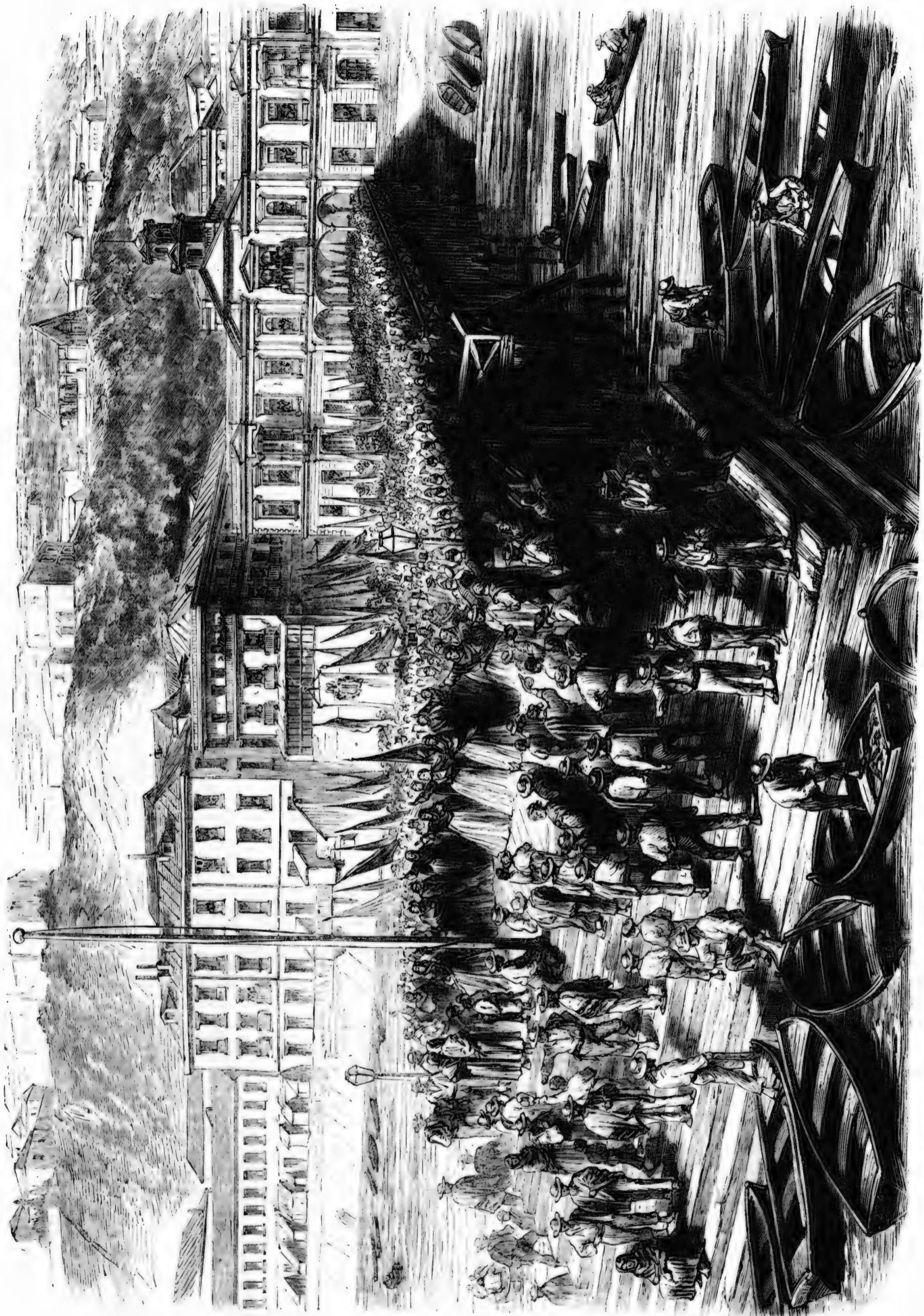
Fight the good fight He fought, and still like him
Cerish the flowers of Purity and Love;
So shall life, when thy earthly joys grow dim,
First greet thee in our Saviour's home above.

On a third panel, and over the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is the verse—

Walk as I walked in faith and righteousness;
Strive as I strove, the weak and poor to aid;
See not thyself but other men to bless;
So win like Him a wreath that will not fade.

Beneath the front panel, over the figures "1864," are inscribed in large-size letters the Prince's names, Albert Victor Christian Edward; and in an oblong panel, "Born January the 8th, baptised March 10th." Looking to the front of the work a figure of Hope stands at the right side, one of Faith on the left; and behind, or in the third niche, is a group of Charity, each of oxidised silver. At the side of each figure and group there are lilies in enamel. Upon the frieze over the figure of Faith are the words, "Walk as he walked—in Faith," the last word being inscribed beneath the figure. In the same manner, in connection with the figure of Hope, are the words, "Strive as he strove—in Hope;" and over the group of Charity, also in enamel, are the words "Think as he thought—in Charity." Over Faith there is a lily of purity; over Hope the water-lily, having appropriate references to the baptism of the young Prince; and over the group of Charity, and resting upon the top of the niche, there is the lily of the valley. The front panel contains in the centre the Royal arms of England, surmounted by the crown. The left side, as you look at the panel, has the arms of the late Prince Consort, and at the other side the arms of the Prince of Wales. The mottoes of each shield are thrown into flowing ribbons. The entire treatment of this group is in a fanciful and allegorical style. Just beneath the Royal shield is a white lily bending down over a broken rose, with, upon the background (of the rose), the word "Frogmore." To the right of the Prince of Wales's shield there is a figure of an infant boy looking up at a full-blown rose, which stands erect upon a perfect stem, with a white lily beside it; and immediately over the baby figures a bunch of sunflowers, emblematic of youth or spring. The entire group is enriched by the rose, thistle, and shamrock, tastefully introduced to form a background. The ebon (or black) moulding points to the death of the Prince, and the white stars symbolise heaven, in which the Prince Consort is presumed now to dwell. The arms of the Queen are in one shield, dexter; and in a second shield, sinister, are the arms of the late Prince.

AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was made on Wednesday morning. His Lordship was returning from a visit to Carrick-on-Shannon, when, at a point near Mullingar, a shot was fired at the railway carriage in which he was seated. The assassin, happily, missed his aim; but the engine-driver had a narrow escape.



LADIES OF VALPARAISO SINGING PATRIOTIC HYMNS DURING THE BLOCKADE BY THE SPANISH FLEET.

SIGNOR ETHARDO AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ONE of the most attractive features of the entertainments at the Crystal Palace is the performance of Signor Ethardo. This wonderful gymnast, who is a native of Italy, ascends a long spiral platform by propelling up the narrow path a large ball on which he stands, and on which he immediately descends by the same difficult and narrow road—afeat which seems to be by far the more difficult. The spiral platform, in the shape of a corkscrew, is built on the platform in front of the great orchestra, and was thus in full view of the many thousands of spectators who assembled during the Christmas holidays. Sig. Ethardo has been favoured with Royal patronage; for, at the Dante Festival at Florence, he appeared in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel, who expressed his high approval, while his Majesty's subjects burst into a frantic fit of enthusiasm, which, it appears, baffled all powers of description. Italian sensitiveness was also carried to such a height that the music was stopped, for fear the vibration should cause the gymnast to make a false step. Now, it cannot be said that a sensation-loving London audience is likely to give way to any such weakness and to express any such fears for Signor Ethardo. Certainly, the large Christmas assemblages at the Crystal Palace displayed no particular anxiety for the performer's safety, though they were not backward in applauding him as he arrived at various stages of his tortuous and narrow pathway, as he reached the small circular platform at the summit, and as he finally descended in safety. The globe on which this extraordinary performer works his way up and down is 30 in. in diameter and 90 in. in circumference. The width of the winding platform is 12 in., and flat, with no groove or protection of any sort to assist the ascent or descent; and the height of the spiral column is 50 ft.; the incline winding from the base to the capital of the column is upwards of 180 ft. in length. The globe is constructed of wood and iron,



SIGNOR ETHARDO ON THE SPIRAL PLANK AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

without any indiarubber, gutta-percha, or other adhesive material to assist the Signor in his difficult task.

THE BLOCKADE OF VALPARAISO.

WE have already published a description of the port of Valparaiso—that terrace-town, which more closely resembles an English colonial capital than a Spanish settlement. Our Engraving this week represents an extraordinary scene which was lately exhibited there, while the place was closely blockaded by the Spanish fleet—a scene which no one could have believed possible, out of an opera, but which is, nevertheless, an actual occurrence, and one which may have no slight effect on the ardent people of the Chilian Republic. On Sept. 17, at the moment when the Chilians were celebrating the anniversary of their independence, Admiral Pareja, commander of the Spanish forces in the Pacific, presented himself in the roads of Valparaiso, in the frigate *The City of Madrid*, and demanded from the Minister of Foreign Affairs satisfaction for the grievances alleged to have been suffered by Spaniards from the Government or people of Chili. A very similar charge was brought as an excuse for the recent attempt of Spain to seize the Chincha Islands, and probably with about as much justice; but in the present instance the Chilians refused to accept such high-handed dealing, and the result has been the blockade of the ports of the republic by the Spanish squadron and the reading of a declaration of war against Spain in all the towns of Chili. In the subsequent manifestations of public spirit and independence, the ladies of Chili have taken a prominent part, and on the night of Sept. 23 (the day after the second "ultimatum" was received from Admiral Pareja) the principal leaders of society in the capital invited the wives of the citizens to meet at five o'clock the next morning, in the Place de l'Intendance, in order to make a solemn demonstration of patriotism. Not one of those invited failed to be present, and a large number assembled and formed a



VIEW OF THE CITY OF VALPARAISO, CHILI.

procession carrying banners and making their way towards the sea, singing the national hymns and breaking into cheers for the President of the republic. The men also took part in the demonstration. On the quay, in full sight of the Spanish vessels, one of the most distinguished ladies of Santiago avowed, in the name of the whole assembly, her love for her country, and the strong resolution of the women of Chili to aid to their utmost power in the defence of the country. Once more the national hymn was chanted with a solemnity and with accompanying gestures which almost gave it the character of a denunciation of their enemies, and the procession then re-formed and returned in the same order in which it had come.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

A CONCERT (the first, we hope, of a series) was given on Thursday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Vincent Wallace. The first part consisted of selections from Mr. Wallace's operas—"Maritana," the "Amber Witch," and "Lurline;" the second, of vocal and instrumental compositions by various masters. The trio, "Turn on, Old Time" ("Maritana"), was sung by Miss Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey; the air, "When the elves at dawn do pass" ("Amber Witch"), by Madme. Sherrington; the air, "My heart's first home" ("Lurline") by Mr. Cummings; the trio, "Hark how the chimes" ("Amber Witch"), by Madme. Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey; the ballad, "Gentle Troubadour" ("Lurline"), by Miss Whytock; the rondo, "My long hair is braided" ("Amber Witch"), by Madme. Sherrington. In the miscellaneous portion of the concert the "Chevalier" Lemmens was set down for the pianoforte, Mr. Blagrove for the violin part in Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata. The "chevalier" was also to perform a piece of his own on the harmonium, and Mr. Blagrove a fantasia by Vieuxtemps on the violin. Of the numerous singers who have sustained principal characters in operas by Mr. Wallace, the only one who appeared on this occasion was Madme. Lemmens-Sherrington, the original representative of the heroine in the "Amber Witch."

There will be some remarkable changes next season at both our Italian Operas. We mentioned some time ago that Madme. Grisi, the three years during which she had bound herself not to sing in public having expired, had accepted an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. Most persons would have thought that, inasmuch as Madme. Grisi's voice was already failing her in 1863 (and indeed much earlier), there was but little probability of her coming out again as a singer in 1866. Whatever effect three years' repose may have had upon Madme. Grisi's voice, it at least cannot have restored it to the freshness of youth. But, however this may be, Madme. Grisi is to sing next season at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are told that she will come out in her celebrated part of Norma, and we hear that Madme. Titiens, with cruel kindness, has consented to appear as Adalgisa. The duet of the second act will have the character of a duel; betting, two to one on Adalgisa.

Signor Mario follows the fortunes of Madme. Grisi. He deserts the Royal Italian Opera for Her Majesty's Theatre, as, twenty years ago, he deserted Her Majesty's Theatre for the Royal Italian Opera. This transfer of allegiance is not so important now as it was then, *Tempora mutantur, vox et mutatur in illis.*

At the Royal Italian Opera, the place left vacant by the departure of Signor Mario will be filled by Signor Nicolini, a tenor who has been singing with great success at the Italian Opera of Paris. Signor Nicolini's name reminds Mr. Punch of the "Spectator." Probably, if the Signor Nicolini who used to sing duets with a lion in Addison's time were alive now, he would still imagine himself capable of taking the part of first tenor. Singers never know when and where to stop—*Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus!*—including even Signor Mario. Signor Mario might have flourished some time longer at the Royal Italian Opera, where he may be said to have taken root in the sympathies of a familiar, appreciative, congenial audience. But is he not rather too old for transplantation? The experiment, to say the least, is a hazardous one.

We have not yet heard who is to take the parts of the Grisi repertoire at the Royal Italian Opera. A proper representation of such characters as Norma, Lucrezia, Anna Bolena, &c., is not easy to find. Otherwise, with Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, and Fioretti in his company (why, by-the-way, is Madle. Fioretti not to be called, like the others, by her Christian name?), Mr. Gye will be in no want of *prima donnas*. He is seriously in want, however, of a contralto. Madle. Honore was far from being an efficient substitute for Madme. Nantier Didié, who herself was not worthy of being ranked, we will not say with Alboni, but with Madme. Trebelli, or with Madle. Grossi, who, considered as a pure contralto, is the most promising vocalist of the present day.

Unless Nicolini should really sustain the reputation by which he is preceded (a thing that happens in about one case out of twelve), our Italian companies will be as weak next season in tenors as they will be strong in the prima-donna department. Although the engagement of Madme. Grisi will doubtless be made a "feature" in Mr. Mapleson's programme for the season, the soprano singers on whom he will really have to count will be Madle. Titiens and Madle. Ilma de Murska.

A new musical association, with a special purpose of its own, has been, or is being, founded in London, under the title of the Concordia. Its proclaimed object is to produce "unperformed oratorios, cantatas, masses, &c.;" and it appears from a prospectus issued by the society (and from a discourse delivered by one of the founders at a recent "public rehearsal," which took place at Exeter Hall), that the Concordia means to bring out, not only works which have never been performed at all, but also works already known, but which, in the opinion of the association, are not performed sufficiently often. The Concordia publicly pledges itself not to give either "The Messiah," "The Creation," or "Israel in Egypt," at its concerts; which seems to us one of the most curious and original promises ever made. It is quite true that these and one or two other sacred works are played too often, and too much to the exclusion of compositions of equal, or nearly equal, merit, which are scarcely ever heard. But it must be remembered that "The Messiah" has not been forced upon the public through a preconceived determination on the part of a small body of enthusiasts. The frequent performance of "The Messiah" is to be explained by the simple fact that a large portion of the public admire it beyond everything else, and are always glad to listen to its sublime strains. To set out by disavowing all intention of ever performing the three most popular works in sacred music is to disregard a very obvious but also a very certain means of success.

A MODERN ROMANCE.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has delivered judgment in an action brought to recover the sum of 2350f., under the following rather singular circumstances:—A Frenchman, named Biez, went to Santiago (Chili), in 1854, and settled there as an hotel-keeper. Having succeeded well in his business for some years, he came to the conclusion, in 1862, that he had better get married. Remembering that he had left in France two nieces who were now marriageable—one being about nineteen, the other twenty-one—he wrote to them stating his intention to offer one of them his hand. The elder of them, Madle. Virginie Lepail, sent to her uncle, by the next mail, photographic portraits of herself and sister. The uncle chose Madle. Virginie, and made her an offer of his hand, which was accepted; and he then sent her money, amounting to about 2350f., for her outfit and travelling expenses. The young lady arrived at Valparaiso, in February, 1861, on board the merchant-vessel Visco, Captain Lefort. But during the passage Madle. Virginie and the captain had become enamoured of each other, and when the uncle, on their arrival, became aware of this, he at once gave up his claims and consented to his niece's marriage with Captain Lefort, which was celebrated at the cathedral of Valparaiso. M. Biez afterwards accompanied his niece and her husband to France, and was present at the celebration of her marriage at Paris. Up to this time not a word had been said by M. Biez about any claim on his niece for the money he had advanced for her outfit and voyage; but he now applied to her and her husband for payment of the sum above mentioned. Madle. Lefort, who had considered the money as a present, refused to pay it, and hence the present suit. The Tribunal, after hearing counsel, decided that, as the plaintiff had voluntarily consented to the rupture of his niece's engagement with him by sanctioning her marriage with Lefort without making any allusion to the repayment of the money he had advanced, it was now too late for him to put in a claim, and that his demand must therefore be rejected, with costs.

FINE ARTS.

TWO EXHIBITIONS OF ILLUMINATIONS.

MESSRS. FULLER, of Mortimer House, Charles-street, have opened their exhibition of the works of female illuminators; and Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., whose works on "Illuminated Ornaments of the Middle Ages," and "Dresses and Decorations," are well-known in art-circles, has a collection of illuminated drawings on view at the Piccadilly Gallery, lately occupied by Mr. Hamerton's pictures. The lovers of the rare old chrysographic art have, therefore, a more than ordinary season.

The female illuminators have made a great advance this year. Although the number of competitors for the prize is not so large as usual, the merit of the competing drawings is considerably beyond that of previous exhibitions. Nothing that we have ever seen of modern work—of course, we mean original designs—can compare with the exquisite illuminations of Mrs. Hopkins, who, we are not surprised to learn, has had a medal awarded her at the Dublin Exhibition. Mrs. Hopkins has caught the manipulation as well as the general character of the old school, and she has added a grace and freshness peculiarly her own. She has, we believe, a noble opportunity offered her. The art stands in need of a few first-rate artists, possessing a thorough knowledge of the ancient styles, with a thoroughly original and inventive mind. A few such apostles would restore to its pristine glory a beautiful art which, after having long fallen into desuetude, has been revived only lately, and has many obstacles to overcome.

Mrs. Hopkins has not competed for the prize offered by Messrs. Fuller. Had she done so we cannot for a moment doubt that she would have carried it off. A frame of her work is exhibited, and is, without exception, the best collection we have ever seen on Messrs. Fuller's walls. An illumination of the Lord's Prayer, in particular, is exceedingly beautiful. It is not difficult to select two of the competing compositions, as contesting to the exclusion of all others. They are excellent, each in its own way—the one admirable in design, the other having great merit of colour. No. 194, with the motto "On, straight on," is very brilliant and pure, but not altogether well-arranged; while No. 163, with the motto "Spero," is peculiarly novel and pleasing in design, but is a little weak in colour. It is not easy to say which should bear off the palm, but we cannot help thinking that the originality and thought to which the good design is due should have the preference, as colouring in illumination is to a certain extent mechanical. At any rate, there is more probability of a good designer acquiring a power over colour, than of a mere colourist learning the art of composition and arrangement. An illumination bearing the motto "Post Nubila Phoebus" possesses merit and promise.

The psalm selected for the competition is one that is susceptible of exquisite illumination, but it has one drawback. There is, in the reference to the shepherd, too great a temptation to attempt illustration of the text by figures—and the art of figure-drawing, fortunately not an essential for illumination, is not a feminine strong point. Nor is this a matter for surprise. How few professional artists—R.A.'s even—who study in the life-school can draw a human form correctly! It is too much to expect of ladies, who do not draw from life, that they should be faultless in this respect.

The "general competition" shows a marked advance on previous ones. It is impossible at a mere glance to say which is the most deserving work; but there are many really charming specimens of the art to be seen. In colouring, particularly, there is great improvement observable.

Mr. Shaw's fame as an illuminator has been thoroughly established by the various works on the subject which he has produced. His exhibition in Piccadilly consists of a series of drawings illustrating the various styles of illumination from the earliest period to the sixteenth century. The drawings are copied from some of the best volumes in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and the collections of private individuals. Of the care and delicacy with which the copies have been made it is impossible to speak too highly. The brilliancy and depth of colour, the minute diapering, and the peculiar tone of the gilding, have been carefully reproduced from the originals.

The frames, numbered from one to eighty-nine, are arranged in order of date. The first specimen is a border taken from the charter of the new Minster of Winchester, granted by King Edgar in the year 966. A magnificent F, from a Bible prepared for Charles le Chauve, the successor of Charlemagne, follows, with a beautiful P, from another Bible written for the same monarch. A page of the Gospels from the Harleian Collection, and two borders from a copy of the Gospels in the Bodleian Collection, bearing date 1178, carry us on toward the close of the twelfth century. The thirteenth century is represented by three drawings from a Psalter, now in the British Museum, but formerly belonging to Archbishop Tenison's library; and the fourteenth by a text from a superb Lectorianum (also in the British Museum), which is a magnificent specimen of the art. A beautifully-diapered letter (32) from a manuscript prepared for Margaret of Bavaria, is well worthy of close examination.

The fifteenth century has many rich examples. A drawing from the "Hours of the Virgin" (37-38), with some contemporaneous specimens from the British Museum and the Bodleian, is one of the best things in the gallery; and a page from the "Romance of the Rose," in the Harleian Collection, cannot be equalled for its exquisite miniature representations of the passions and troubles of human life. The admirable way in which Avarice and Poverty are impersonated is beyond praise; their illuminator must have been a man of very great artistic genius.

Some pages from the British Museum "Offices of the Virgin" (47-50), are very fine; and a page from a similar book in the possession of Mr. Magniac, representing the months of May and June, is exceedingly lovely. An initial (55) from the "Hours of the Virgin," in the Douce Collection, is a good example of the Flemish school of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; it is a pearl letter upon a ground of gold stippled on red, and the effect is most striking. Some highly-finished examples of the later French school, with flowers, and fruits, and insects on a gold ground, will be greatly admired, though marking the decline of the art. Another specimen of the same school, in the possession of Mr. Magniac, derives additional interest from the fact that it is copied from an original purchased at the sale at Strawberry Hill, and bearing on the back, in Horace Walpole's hand, the note "Francis I. supported by the Church, Law, and Army. Cardinal Du Prat, the Chancellor, sits at the table."

A margin (69) from a genealogical work on the alliances of the Royal houses of Spain and Portugal is very rich, and a favourable example of Flemish work. A panel representing the genealogy of Magog is very striking. We may also mention as specially worthy of attention a page from a Latin version of the "Ethics of Aristotle" (71); portion of a border (76) from a MS. executed for Pius IV., and a leaf from the "Sforzada" (77); a very beautiful Italian specimen, in which flowers are combined with jewels, as marginal enrichments (81); a curious example of the Camaien Gris (87), or grey monochrome drawings, to be met with occasionally in French and Flemish MSS. of the early part of the sixteenth century; and lastly, a leaf of "The History of the Invincible Duke Francesco Sforza" (89), which is one of the most lovely examples extant of the best style of Venetian art, the work of Girolamo da Libri.

From these drawings Mr. Shaw is about to form a "Handbook of the Art of Illumination" which will be of great service to illuminators of the present day. We have only one objection to them, which is, that to those who are acquainted with Mr. Shaw's earlier works, they are most of them familiar already, and we could wish that he had led us to "fresh fields and pastures new."

A very interesting trio of portraits, including a most elaborate one of Mary Queen of Scots, may also be seen at the gallery. A series is about to be issued of similar copies by Mr. Shaw, from famous portraits, and will, we venture to predict, be very successful. The minuteness and elaboration are such as might be expected of so experienced and patient a student of mediæval art as Mr. Henry Shaw.

CHEAT FIRE AT ST. KATHARINE DOCKS.

On Monday forenoon much commotion and excitement was

caused in the City and along the riverside by the sudden outbreak

of a very serious fire at the St. Katharine Docks, making the third that has occurred in that great commercial shipping dépôt within the last few years. The flames raged with terrible fury, consuming part of two of the bonded warehouses and destroying property to a large extent. The warehouses formed part of the letter H stack, occupying one half of the north side of the docks, next to East Smithfield. The stack comprised some eight or ten letters of the alphabet, each five or six floors in height, all communicating by means of double iron folding-doors, the import basin of the dock, with its shipping, flanking its south side. The principal goods stored in these warehouses are spirits, tallow, palm oil, cotton, flax, jute, and other merchandise, to the extent of upwards of two millions in value. The warehouses had been open several hours, and labourers were on every floor, receiving goods raised from the quays, and wheeling them through the entire length of the stack for storing, when people came running into the dock from the adjacent streets, with intelligence that one of the warehouses was on fire, and that they had seen the flames issuing from the roof. The police at the entrance-gates regarded the informants with suspicion, for to them there was no appearance even then of danger. But a few minutes, however, sufficed to convince them that a most dangerous fire had broken out in the fifth story of warehouse letter F. The dock managers, with the superintendents, dock masters, and police officials, were immediately summoned to the spot, and several gangs of dock labourers were set to work with buckets to extinguish the fire. The class of goods stored on the floor in question consisted chiefly of coir fibre and bales of jute. There was an immense pile of these goods on the floor, and this was evidently all on fire, and sent forth such blinding and suffocating smoke that the labourers were compelled to beat a speedy retreat. The dock officers, finding it impossible to extinguish the flames, commenced sealing all the iron doors, so as to shut off communication with the rest of the warehouses. This they effected with one exception—that connecting the fifth floor of F warehouse with the same floor letter H. The door was wide open, and several men attempted to reach it by crawling on their hands and knees, but they were soon overpowered by the smoke, and were dragged back almost insensible. The flames were now spreading furiously throughout the two uppermost floors of F warehouse, while the dense clouds of smoke which poured forth completely darkened the neighbourhood. The dock fire-engines were brought out the instant the alarm was given, and the company's engineer put full pressure on the hydrants throughout the docks, so that when the hose were affixed to them very powerful jets of water were brought to bear upon the conflagration. Captain Shaw, the chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade—which force came into operation under the Act of Parliament for the first time on Monday—hear of the outbreak about 11.40, and instantly summoned by telegraph nearly the whole of the engines and men to the spot, proceeding himself to the dock with a steam fire-engine from Watling-street. In less than twenty minutes he was followed by seven other steamers. Four of these were taken to the north-east angle of the import basin, and were got to work from the basin, the hose being hoisted on to the roof of D stack, which is from 80 to 100 ft. high. The steam floating-engine from Southwark Bridge was got into the basin about the same time, and was set to work directly. The other engines brought up in East Smithfield, where plenty of water was procured from the mains, and the firemen were enabled to throw copious streams into the blazing floors. At this time the excitement was very great; for the fire had become truly formidable, and was spreading most alarmingly. Four floors of F warehouse, with the roof, were completely in flames, and the fire had penetrated into the fifth floor of H warehouse; and by two o'clock the whole of the upper part of this building presented a general blaze. Much apprehension was created in case the fire should descend to the remaining floors, wherein were stored vast quantities of palm oil and tallow. Gangs of labourers were set to work to bank up with clay all the doors leading to these floors, in order to prevent the water from escaping, and thus to flood the floors in jeopardy. For hours the firemen laboured incessantly to get the flames under, and by five o'clock they managed to get the mastery over it; but in the evening the flames again broke out in other warehouses which had been ascertained to be all safe a short time before. The fire continued to burn till Wednesday morning, and an immense quantity of goods has been destroyed, some estimates placing the damage as high as £250,000. An impression prevails that the fire was a wilful one, which various circumstances seem to confirm; although it may simply have been the result of spontaneous combustion induced by the contact of the hemp and tallow stored in the warehouses.

CITY OF LONDON FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The Corporation of the city of London a few days ago unanimously voted the use of Guildhall—recently restored at great cost—for the purposes of an industrial exhibition to be inaugurated on the 1st of March next. On the motion of Mr. Thomas Lampray, F.R.G.S., of Paternoster-row, member of the general and executive committees, it has been determined to devote the surplus funds towards the establishment of a free public library for the city of London. Several City firms have already expressed their intention of liberally contributing to the project, and it is believed the Corporation will also lend its aid.

NEW PENALTY ON FIRES IN THE METROPOLIS.—On Monday the New Metropolitan Fire Brigade Act came into force. All the fire-engines and "plant" are now under the management of the Metropolitan Board, with an efficient force. The following new provision respecting "chimneys on fire" will affect the public generally:—"If the chimney of any house or other building within the metropolis is on fire, the occupier of such house or building shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 20s.; but if such occupier proves that he has incurred such penalty by reason of the neglect or willful default of any other person, he may recover summarily from such person the whole or any part of the penalty he may have incurred as occupier."

AMERICAN LADIES.—The American correspondent of the *Spectator*, writing of American ladies, says:—"They shrink from appearing in full dress, however moderate its so-called fulness, in a stall, or in the open boxes of a theatre, or at the dinner-table of an hotel, which is open to the public, and where they may be in close proximity to entire strangers of whom they know only that they can afford to pay for their seats or their dinners. The distinction made in this respect is very marked at the opera, to which ladies do go in full dress, and from the opera to parties. But they never go in full dress unless they have a private box. In the stalls, the parquet, on the first tier of boxes, where single seats are sold, they appear in elegant demi-toilette, often wearing bonnets of incomprehensible structure and wonderful to behold. And this is not a matter of 'set' or fashion. The same woman will be at the opera on one evening in full dress in a private box, and, if she does not own a box, at the next performance in the stalls or the parquet, with arms, shoulders, and head all covered. A lady whom I knew had rather an unpleasant experience in an attempt some years ago to disregard this tacit understanding among the sex in regard to dinner dress at hotels. She belonged to an ultra-fashionable set, and, having married a South Carolina planter, soon adopted what we call 'plantation manners' and affected no little scorn of simple-mannered, reserved New England folk. She was at Newport, our great seaside watering-place, and, having just returned from Europe, took great airs upon herself. One evening at the tea-table a gentleman sat down near her, and the butter-plate before him happening to have no butter-knife by it at the moment, he, instead of calling the waiter and waiting for one to be brought, used his own perfectly fresh bright knife to take a bit of butter. He was a man of culture and social standing, but a Yankee, and one whose social pretension she wished to flout. She seized the opportunity, and, calling a waiter, said, in an elaborately subdued, but decided tone, 'Take away that butter. That gentleman has had his knife in it.' He took no notice of the remark, which drew all eyes upon him and upon the lady; but by-and-by she stretched out her hand and took from the plate some chipped dried beef which stood between her and her victim. This was well enough, of course; but he turned at once, and, calling a waiter, said, only as if he were asking for more tea, 'Take away that dried beef, this lady has had her fingers in it.' In this encounter, such as it was, he was thought to have had the best of it, and she did not forgive or forget. So a few days afterwards (I should have mentioned that there was the slightest possible acquaintance between them), they being at dinner, she, conspicuous in the full dress she had adopted since her tour to Europe, and which was so very 'full' that it would have attracted attention under any circumstances, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and, putting it on a plate, handed it to him with an expression of complaisance, but saying, in a tone of unmistakable significance, which could be heard all around her, 'A fig for you, Sir.' He accepted it graciously; and, taking in his turn a leaf from the garniture of the dish, offered it to her, with 'A fig for you, Madam.' She fled the table, and kept her room until her intended victim left the hotel."

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